U.S. LADY

Service Wives • Service Women • Service Families

VOLUME 1 APRIL, 1956 NUMBER 5

35¢

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TWENTIETH CENTURY PIONEERS General Nathan F. Twining—pg. 11

POST-OF-THE-MONTH page 22

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A bullet sang through her sleeve

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Service Wives • Service Women • Service Families

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The U. S. LADY on the cover is Mrs. Harriet Robertus—out to hunt for a lost plane as a qualified Civil Air Patrol observer. Husband, Major William Robertus, is liaison officer with CAP at Shaw Air Force Base, South Carolina. (See Photo Essay, page 42.)

JOHN B. ADAMS
Publisher

ALVADEE ADAMS
Editor

BERNARD BURKE
Art Director

THOMAS D. HICKSON
Staff Artist

FRED LARDNER
Legislation Editor

SHIRLEY R. NEWHALL
Assistant Editor

PATRICIA M. MAULDIN
LYLAS B. PETERS
Feature Editors

BARBARA BUTZLOFF
Copy Editor

—

JACK BOLEY
Business and Advertising Manager

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the Editorial We

IF U. S. LADY were a newspaper instead of a magazine we'd be inclined to run a headline on Page 1 proclaiming

U. S. LADY RETURNS TO ACTIVE DUTY

Certainly that would be the quickest, most graphic way of answering the top priority question of our thousands of subscribers.

Since you are holding U. S. LADY at this very moment, the question answers itself. But what about the pair of unfamiliar faces confronting you above? Answer: They are the new "editorial we" of U. S. LADY, John B. Adams, publisher, and Alvadee Adams, editor. We were so named at a Board of Directors meeting January 16, and since then have been working almost around the clock to cure U. S. LADY's financial, promotional, distributional, and editorial headaches.

The publishing business is one of the most complex and highly competitive in the world, and the list of publications that have been enthusiastically launched and quietly folded could stretch from Key West to Thule. We made the decision to dive in and wrestle with the LADY's problems because we were—and are—convinced that she (somehow we can't refer to our favorite magazine as "it") fills a large void in the publishing field. You know as well as we what that void is, because you are right in the middle of it. If you are a service wife, a service woman, or a member of a service family, U. S. LADY is YOUR magazine, and it is for YOU that the LADY is written and edited. In the months ahead, we aim to inform you, entertain you, inspire you, reflect your viewpoints, air your gripes, and promote your welfare. If we fail in this, if we do not succeed in giving you a greater sense of "belonging"—of being a most important member of a most important team collectively called the Armed Forces of the United States, then we will fold up our editorial tents and silently steal away.

Ever since U. S. LADY first appeared last September, we have watched with increasing interest her growth, general appearance, the ups and downs of her blood pressure, etc., without being in any way connected with the magazine itself. When the Christmas bills came in we learned that due to high production costs and distribution problems, the LADY needed a new checkbook and some discipline in her household affairs.

We were asked by Lincoln Rockwell to take over the magazine on Friday, January 13. Our hunch was then, and is now, that this might be one of our more lucky days. In the months ahead, rather than rely on luck, we pledge ourselves, by a combination of hard work, creative imagination, and business know-how, to give you a good magazine.

Though not prone to writing about ourselves, this seems the proper time and place to recount something about us, the two people who, with your help, will be responsible for U. S. LADY's success or failure. Let's start by going back to the war years—April, 1942, to be exact, and pinpoint the locale on a certain railway station platform in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

John Adams, six-foot, blond, bachelor, unattached and handsome, (and now you can guess who's writing this piece) was at that time foreign correspondent in Brazil for the Columbia Broadcasting System. Alvadee, honestly born with that name, had been given a roving assignment in Latin America the summer before by the late great Paul White, then head of CBS News in New York. She had also signed up as a special correspondent for The Philadelphia Inquirer and The World Outlook—all in connection with a Pulitzer Travelling Scholarship she had received at the Columbia University School of Journalism along with her master's degree in the Class of '41.

It was only natural that John and Dee should meet on Dom Pedro Segundo Railway Station, and it was even more natural that four months later Dee Hutton should change her name to Mrs. John Adams. Hadn't Paul White written a crisp directive to John to "show Miss Hutton the sights of Rio, introduce her to all people who could help her with her assignment, and do everything possible for her"? Never were the boss's orders carried out so thoroughly.

The next two years were just what you'd expect—happy, busy years, living and travelling in Brazil, a varied and exciting country, then allied with the United States in intensive effort to defeat the fascist dictatorships. Besides broadcasting for CBS and writing occasional pieces for U. S. magazines and newspapers, we worked (as did most Americans there) in every possible way to help bring a swift end to the war. John had a full-time job with the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, producing a daily series of Portuguese language broadcasts.

With the successful allied landings in Europe in June, 1944, Brazil's strategic importance lessened considerably, and we decided to return to the U.S.A. Instead of flying directly home, we took a 41-day circuitous trip, much of it overland, up the Amazon, then through the innermost, uppermost highways and byways of the Andes Mountains, through Peru, Ecuador, Colombia, Central America and Mexico, arriving at John's parents' home near San Diego with mounds of strange-looking baggage after an all-night ride from Tucson.

Two months later CBS sent John to the Pacific to report the last year of the war. There he covered seven beachhead landings in the Philippines and Borneo, numerous

Please turn to page 28

Dear Lady:

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is the real heart of the
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LETTERS to the Editor

SURVIVOR BENEFITS

To the Editor:

Service families who live in Washington, D. C., are much more cognizant of what goes on "on the Hill" than the service people who are scattered throughout the United States, Hawaii and the world.

I want to call to the attention of the readers of service magazines that the Veterans Service Benefit Act — the Hardy Bill— was passed before the House of Representatives on July 15, 1955. This bill, H. R. 7089, is pending in the Senate Finance Committee— under chairmanship of Senator H. F. Byrd, Virginia—and should come on the floor of the Senate January, 1956.

This bill—which provides a complete change in service-connected deaths— compensation benefits for armed forces personnel—IS for the service the most important legislation of this or any other session. This Hardy Bill was formulated under the Department of Defense— after eight months of investigating the outmoded and inadequate pension system now in effect.

Survivors and future survivors, who have existed many years on a most limited pension—from $59 for an admiral and general's widow and less for enlisted families—have need to see that our Senators and our friends' Senators support this bill, which will benefit service widows, dependent parents and children.

The personnel of the service will have higher morale if they know they have security for their dependents while they are giving their all to keep these United States "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Jewel Ziegemeier
Widow of Rear Admiral
H. J. Ziegemeier, U. S. N.

AND, WE'LL NOT FORGET HER . . .

To the Editor:

. . . It is so very hard to write the words one feels in her heart. I was so happy and proud on my selection as U. S. Lady-of-the-Month. It was really a wonderful honor.

We feel like celebrities. Bill and Billy and Janie were as excited as I was. So many people stopped us to ask if we were the family in the November issue of U. S. Lady. We proudly answered "yes."

Everything that was done for us was greatly appreciated. The tea in my honor at the Sheraton Park Hotel and the presentation of the silver tray was unforgettable. When I was told to turn around and see what was behind me, and I spotted the Necchi sewing machine, I could have cried with joy. I couldn't have received a nicer gift. It was a dream come true. I use it constantly and I'll soon be starting on Billy's and Janie's summer clothes.

Bill and I enjoyed so much our dinner as guests of Billy Martin's Carriage House. The food was tremendous!

Thank you, thank you, thank you for all you did. I shall never forget the staff of U. S. Lady. You are wonderful people and I love you all.

Janie Hevner.

"GUNG HO" WIVES . . .

Dear Sir:

I want to tell you that U. S. LADY is the best thing that has happened to service families for many a year. It is just what we need to bring us together and help coordinate our ideas and efforts, instead of all "galloping wildly off in all directions," as so often has happened. We know our problems, and you are helping us to know what to do about them. Please give us more articles on how service families can make their opinions known to . . . and felt by . . . government officials. Tell us how to get the right to vote (we are registered here in Pennsylvania, and are voting here). Fine . . . but next year, after we are transferred, my husband will be able to vote by absentee ballot, but I will not. (Why? . . . What can we do to change it?) Your articles on legislation affecting service families are most helpful. Keep giving us the explanations and telling us how we can make our views known (and to whom).

I asked you, on my questionnaire, for an article for service families who are stationed away from posts or stations. It's often more than a little difficult to adjust to living almost as civilians, and among civilians, when one is accustomed to military life. We have lived in Pittsburgh (my husband is the Marine

OPO there) for two years now, and we have just recently started really enjoying it. Now I wish we were just starting our tour here instead of being two-thirds finished with it. It can be a very good experience if you know how to approach it, but it can also be pretty lonely and miserable, as it was for us at first. Judging from the remarks and gripes which I have heard at meetings of our Officers' Wives Club, most other families have not gotten all that they could have from their tour in Pittsburgh.

Speaking of the club, that's a problem in itself. You'd be surprised how difficult it is to keep a club going in a city, where everyone is scattered from city to suburbs. We would like to hear what clubs in other cities are doing about their problems (places to meet, high costs, baby sitters, etc.). A national federation of service wives would be of gerat help to struggling (and I do mean struggling!) clubs like ours.

By the way, I'm one of those wives you said you would like to hear from. I love this life . . . and I have no desire to have my husband get out of the Marine Corps. I'm extremely proud of him and of the Corps. In fact, I consider myself to be (in a wifely way!) every bit as "Gung Ho!" as he is. I believe most service wives enjoy the excitement and variety of service life, too, but as always it's the dissatisfied ones who make the most noise! When our civilian friends here ask something like, "How can you stand having to pick up and move every couple years like that?" I always think, "How can you stand the idea of being tied down to this same spot for years and years?" However, in the interest of better civilian-service relationships I generally keep my thoughts to myself. The biggest problem, I've found, is trying to convince civilians that you do like the life. Seems as if each time I get on the subject and say that I enjoy being a Marine wife, I catch that "Oh, you're just being noble" expression in the eyes of whomever I'm speaking with. Guess it's just a lost cause. Well, at least I'm sure you'll believe it . . . you will, won't you?

Very sincerely,

RUTH REHFUS

• *Yes!—Ed.*

WE'RE BEING "FRAMED" . . .

DEAR SIR:

Picked up the November issue of U. S. LADY and am delighted with a magazine that treats of Service wives, women and families. It certainly gives a feeling of belonging to those of us who don't live in Navy compounds, Federal housing or close to the Base.

More important, a magazine of this type shows that there are many people who recognize that service families are like any other families with maybe an extra obstacle on the course—that of separation.

In my opinion, some of the articles could be eliminated—not due to poor writing, but because they can be found in any drugstore magazine rack.

A fashion article on clothes needed for different overseas duty stations and different climates would be pertinent.

The article "They're Tabbing Your Man Second Class" is so well written and to the point I'd like to frame it. How many excellent technicians and wonderful men are staying in the Service—but it is up to them to teach wisely so that the lower rates won't be too easily discouraged, but will see that any road has many ruts and they should be man enough to ride over these little obstacles without feeling persecuted.

Sincerely,

ANN SMITH

PERTINENT ITEMS

DEAR SIR:

I believe your publication goes a long way toward developing a group of politically conscious, service-oriented wives. I would suggest more news about the Fleet, about service benefits, and about Naval history and tradition; some of which might convince the "wobbly" wives who aren't sure they like the service. Also, I feel there is a large field for studies of state laws—voting, service bonuses, which states have out-of-state registration for service personnel, and potential retirement areas of interest. Further, I tentatively project an idea of a consumer's group, distributed all over the world, which publicizes and reflects service-interesting items in the same way that *Consumer's Guide* does for civilian personnel. There should also be more information in your magazine on service associations, such as Navy Mutual Aid, etc.

Sincerely,

MRS. JAMES K. IRVIN.

• *Good ideas all. We are well aware of the value of consumer testing slanted to service needs, and one of our future aims is to organize such a project.—Ed.*

OUCH!

GENTLEMEN:

Cannot blame you for not printing the author's name of "The Service Has Ruined My Home Town." It's the worst piece of fiction I have ever read. Even an idiot would know it couldn't be based on fact. I never expected to see such trash published in your magazine when I subscribed to it. It is an insult to service families and servicemen everywhere.

Yours truly,

MRS. MARY BEST

Please turn to page 10

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NAVY DEPARTMENT WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

CAPITAL COMMAND POST

By Fred Lardner

IN ITS FIRST SESSION, the 84th Congress helped to increase the attractiveness of military career service by enacting various bills favorable to military personnel. What will the second session of the 84th Congress do?

There will be heavy competition for the attention of Congress this year. The 1956 session is expected to end in July, giving legislators time to prepare for the Democratic and Republican national conventions scheduled for August. It will be a busy, bitter session, and many members of the House and the Senate can be expected to vote for legislation which in their opinions will best help them in the political campaign next fall.

Military personnel legislation will have to compete with such other legislative subjects as farm prices, taxes, foreign aid, civil rights, immigration, public vs. private power, disaster insurance, and labor. There are a lot of votes in each of these subjects, and most of these and other general legislative subjects are both favored and opposed by organized groups.

Military personnel on active duty are one of the few groups which do not have organizations to influence the enactment of legislation. The only way you, as a service wife, can make your desires known to members of Congress is by writing letters. If in writing you let legislators know you too have some influence, at the polls, your letters will be more effective. In this article, we present a sort of guide to help you in writing Congress.

The Survivor Benefits Bill, H. R. 7089, has passed the House and is before the Senate Finance Committee. By the time you read this, hearings may have started. Details of this bill have been publicized widely; some of its features were discussed in the October issue of *U. S.*

Lady. If you want to study the bill in detail, write for a report of the House Select Committee of Survivor Benefits (House Report 993, House Document Room, Capitol, Washington 25, D. C.).

Medical Care

The new medical care bills are H. R. 7792 in the House and S. 2720 in the Senate. They are identical and modify the original bills on this subject. The Defense Department estimates that 2.5 million dependents of military personnel, 40 percent of the total, receive no government medical care. The Administration wants to make certain that all of them receive either government medical care or care largely financed by the government.

Under this legislation, dependents who cannot obtain care at military installations could purchase a health insurance policy largely financed by the government. Such a policy would cost the service family head $3 or less a month. It would be less costly than any civilian health insurance because (1) A great number of people would be covered; (2) The government would pay most of the cost; (3) The service man now receives free medical care and this cost would not figure in the policy.

Besides free care at military installations or under insurance, there is a third option. A dependent could patronize a civilian doctor or hospital, paying 30 percent of the first $100 in costs, plus 15 percent of the remainder of the cost of inpatient care and 30 percent of the cost of outpatient care. It seems to this writer that insurance would be much less costly than this plan.

Opposition to this bill is expected from the American Medical Association. Some service people do not like the program; they want treatment of all dependents by military doctors. In our opinion this attitude is almost ridiculous; the time will never come when the armed forces will have enough doctors and facilities to give such service. And what is the objection to civilian doctors? Hearings have emphasized the fact that civilian doctors practice more varied and complicated medicine than military doctors. As a class, active duty service men are probably the healthiest people on earth.

If you want more details on this subject, write the House Document Room for a copy of the bill. Perhaps the Defense Department will send you a copy of their new report on the subject; write Public Information Office, Defense Department, Washington 25, D. C.

Writing Committee Members

Congressional committees, and particularly their chairmen, control the destiny of nine-tenths or more of the bills introduced in Congress. With very few exceptions, there is little hope for a bill which is not reported favorable by the committee to which the House or Senate referred it.

We have listed the members of the Senate Finance Committee. Personally, we would like to see this committee handle more legislation relating entirely or partly to military personnel, because they appear sympathetic.

The Armed Services Committees receive most of the military legislation. The House Armed Services Committee will be the first to consider the medical care bill.

In subsequent issues we may list members of committees such as members of the Senate Finance Committee, the Senate and House Armed Services Committees, the House Ways and Means Committee and the House Committee on Government Operations. The latter committee is considering H. R. 7032, providing for the termination of government operations in competition with private enterprise. This bill might pose some threat to operation of commissary and post exchange stores.

In letters to members, you might say: "Incidentally, I am a registered voter—" and say where, or, "I plan to vote (or will be a voter) this fall—." Dwell on the subject of voting casually or indirectly. Never pose your vote as a threat.

We will inform you on voting procedures in the next issue. The services themselves will supply more information on voting this year than ever before, and more military personnel are expected to vote this year.

Substandard Quarters

A bill of considerable importance to many is H. R. 5731 in the House and S. 1947 in the Senate (before the Armed Services Committees). This bill would permit members and their dependents "who occupy inadequate quarters on a rental basis to do so without loss of basic allowance for quarters." In other words, the difference between rental of substandard quarters and the quarters allowance could be pocketed by service families under terms of this bill.

There was no action on this bill in the first session. But the legislation was sponsored by the Defense Department, and you wives could help it get out of the committee by writing the committees. It is estimated that this bill would mean 15-million dollars a year for service families.

Family Housing

A new military public works bill is expected to provide $250 million for permanent and temporary housing on military installations.

Incidentally, very few service people have applied for a government loan to finance the construction or purchase of a home. The National Housing Act of 1954 provides government-insured mortgage loans at 4½ percent with a 5 percent down payment and 25 years to pay. As of a recent date, about 9,000 persons had applied for such loans, 2,300 for new construction and 6,700 for purchase of homes already built.

We have heard government officials say that under the new loan laws and the tax laws it would pay some military men to become real estate experts and buy their own homes, selling them when they are transferred. Real estate is a big field for retired personnel, particularly officers, some of whom have gone to college to study it.

Other Legislation

There are numerous bills which will be discussed in this column as the 84th Congress considers them. There are bills for the active duty people, the retired officers, enlisted men, active duty women, etc. Right now we have used our allotted space, and end this column by reminding you that the value inherent in a military job is increasing, and you can help increase that value.

(Since this column was written, Congress has been moving fast in the field of military personnel legislation. By the time you read this, the picture may have changed in some cases. For instance, latest news is that medical care insurance might be free; that there will be more housing than earlier contemplated; etc. Important changes will be discussed in subsequent issues.)

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Investors' Corner

by Helen A. Metcalf

As a service to readers of U. S. LADY, *we present INVESTORS' CORNER this month on an experimental basis. If enough interest develops (and for expressions of opinion we must depend upon you), we will continue it on a more or less regular basis.*

HOLDING, SELLING, OR SWITCHING SECURITIES

EVERYBODY KNOWS income taxes have to be paid (sometimes painfully) by pay account deduction or otherwise, and that tax returns have to be filed after the end of the taxable year. Not everybody realizes, however, that the end of the year (not April 15) is the time for important decisions if you own securities, especially common stocks.

For a few weeks or days, when you have a fair idea what your income and tax liability will be, you have a chance to change the amount of income tax you will owe. One of the ways of doing this, if you have sold stocks during the year at a profit, is to take a good hard look at the rest of your holdings. Are you nursing along one or two items in the "cat and dog" category, simply because you can't bear to admit you were wrong? If so, a year end sale may be wise, so that you can use an honest loss to offset your equally honest gains for tax purposes.

In a "bull-market" year like this past one, though, many people have profits with nothing to offset against them. The question, then, is: Should I sell other stocks at a profit and pay capital gains tax, or should I hold my stocks (and my paper profits)?

Obviously, if you believe that every stock you own will go higher next year and over the long term as well, your problem is simple. You merely hold on. But suppose some of your stocks are as high as you can expect them to go—or even too high? Should you sell at a profit and pay capital gains tax? There is more than one answer to this question, for your decision should be based not on your profit, but on what we will call your net realizable price. Two investors who sell the same stock at the same price might have quite different net realizable prices, depending both on their cost prices and their tax rates.

To determine your profit, subtract your cost price (including commission) from the present price (less commission). This is the profit you can make. If you owned the stock for more than six months, your profit is a long-term gain, and your tax cannot be more than 25 per cent of this amount. It is almost certainly much less, for the 25 per cent tax rate applies only if your taxable income is more than $16,000. (We have looked over the audience and counted very few hands!) The vast majority of us are taxed only on half of this capital gain, at the regular income tax rate; looking at it from the point of view of logic rather than the tax law, our income tax on long-term profit on a sale of stock is only half what it would be for the same amount of pay.

The only way to avoid capital gains tax is by holding until we die, or by giving the stock away. Today, many stocks are higher than normal in relation to earnings and dividends. Depreciation risks could be large for some. It might be wise to take some capital gains so as to switch to other stocks

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less likely to suffer individual declines, or go off drastically in a general market sell-off. It might even be wise to build up preferred stock, bond, or cash reserves. In order to decide what to sell and buy, however, an investor should ask himself some questions:

- What will happen to the earnings and dividends of my stock next year and over the longer term?
- If a normal market, at what price should my stock sell next year and later?
- How would these prices compare with my net realizable price if I sold now and paid capital gains tax?
- Could I find a better investment for what I would have left?

To decide whether to sell, compare your net realizable price with what you expect your stock to sell for next year. Let us assume you are in the 22 per cent tax bracket. Suppose you bought ABC common at 20, and it is now at 60; your tax is 11 per cent of the 50 point profit, or 4½ points. Subtract this from the current quotation, then, and this is your net realizable price, or 55½ in this case. If you believe your ABC common is likely to sell below 55½ in 1956, then it is a good candidate for profit-taking.

But suppose you belong to the "buy-put-away-and-forget" school of investing. Should you, nevertheless, sell ABC common at 60, netting a price of 55½, and switch to something else?

To answer this question, you must take a long-term look at the ABC Company. Suppose you think that three to five years from now ABC's earnings and dividends will be enough that it should sell at 75. On this basis, selling ABC now would reduce your capital by about a third by 1958-60 (75-55½, divided by 55½). But your tax liability will be even higher when you do sell, and if you or your investment advisor can find a stock—let's call it XYZ common—with a long term appreciation potentiality of more than a third, you would be better off to sell ABC now and buy XYZ with the proceeds.

Your investment program, whether short or long-term, should take into consideration the factors we have mentioned. Your investment advisor can help, but only you can make the final decision, because only you know your own cost prices, dates of purchase, offsetting losses, and tax rate.

U. S. Lady doesn't write advertising into its editorials, stories, or features. In this particular case, however, we feel acknowledgment is due one of our advertisers, The Value Line Income Fund, Inc. This organization kindly furnished U. S. Lady background material that made it possible for us to write this feature.

AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

What sort of future has Sang Gi, crippled by a bit of shrapnel? What are his chances, begging on the streets of Seoul, with his home-made crutches? He has no home, no parents, no schooling. He has a good and intelligent face, but—?

Is his future any business of mine? Should I be concerned with cripples and the needs and suffering of others? When I have enough to eat should I be worried because others don't, including little children? Should I care, when I was lucky enough to be born in America instead of India, where the majority of people do not get enough to eat and some are actually starving? What is the reason I was not born in Korea, like Sang Gi? There are still 35,000 homeless children in Korea. Why don't I live in a hut made of rubble, old tin cans and half rotten scraps of wood in Southern Italy, Hong Kong or in a crowded Austrian refugee camp? Why don't I happen to be a man with a job in Calcutta,working steady every day for long hours, who sleeps in the streets every night because my job does not pay me enough to share even a single room with a dozen other persons—a room without a stick of furniture or protection from flies, swarming with bed bugs and without any sanitary arrangements whatever?

I am a Christian. Does that make me my brother's keeper? When my stomach is full must I be concerned about others, whose stomachs are empty? Must I? Am I *compelled* to think about these others? Or is it just, God helping me, that I *want* to think about them and because I have a heart, desire to help them?

No gift is too small to give a child a bit of bread. Or you can have some pitiful, homeless and hungry child brought into a Christian Children's Fund orphanage-school and be given a decent chance in life by "adopting" a child. The cost, $10.00 a month, is the same in all of the following 28 different countries: Austria, Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Finland, Formosa, France, Free China, Greece, Hong Kong, India, Indochina, Indonesia, Italy, Japan, Jordan, Korea, Lapland, Lebanon, Macao, Malaya, Mexico, Okinawa, Pakistan, Philippines, Puerto Rico, United States and Western Germany.

Incorporated in 1938, CCF is the largest Protestant orphanage organization in the world.

For information write: **Dr. J. Calvitt Clarke**

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.

RICHMOND 4, VIRGINIA

I wish to "adopt" a boy ☐
☐ girl for one year in

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I will pay $10 a month ($120 a year). Enclosed is payment for the full year ☐ first month ☐. Please send me the child's name, story, address and picture. I understand that I can correspond with the child. Also, that there is no obligation to continue the adoption.

I cannot "adopt" a child but want to help by giving $_____.

Gifts of any amount are welcome.

☐ Please send me further information.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____

STATE_____

Gifts are deductible from income tax.

LETTERS

from page 5

MY HOMETOWN IS THE WORLD . . .

DEAR SIRS:

I just had to enclose a letter to tell you how excited and pleased I am with the U. S. LADY magazine. I've been an Air Force wife for nearly eleven years and I love it. I'm mighty proud of my "man in blue" and we both feel a real thrill in being part of something as big and important as the U. S. services are in this troubled world.

I'm not bothered by the old questions people always bring up, the ones that go—"But don't you wish you could settle permanently somewhere?" or "Don't you want to put down roots and be a part of a community?" or even "Don't you just hate getting well acquainted with people and then having to move away and leave each other?" My answers to all these questions are much the same. I do have roots—in the Air Force and I have settled in it permanently. My home town is the world, I shall find my friends again at a new base some place and we'll take up right where we left off. I am a part of not one but two communities—the Air Force community and the civic community.

Your magazine is a new and pleasant bond among service wives. I'm looking forward to special articles on different women's clubs and their projects.

I don't read the short stories as avidly as the articles. I don't have time. I think the report on service legislation is of great value and the base description wonderful, particularly for those facing a transfer to the post described. The cartoons are wonderful, and I'm dying to try the recipes.

I've been so enthusiastic that I've interested three of my friends in subscribing already and I'm certainly not stopping there. This is something I'd like to see "here to stay."

Sincerely,

MRS. CAROL B. DYSON.

MEDICARE CONGRATULATIONS

DEAR MRS. PEW:

I have read both of your articles on *Medicare* in U. S. LADY with great interest and wish to congratulate you upon them, especially the second. Such articles as you are writing should prove of great help in reaching a settlement of a confused and knotty problem. I am referring them to our task force which is handling this problem.

Sincerely,

FRANK B. BERRY, M. D.
Ass't Sec'y of Defense—Health and Welfare, Washington, D. C.

GOVERNMENT SUPPORTED . . .

DEAR SIR:

In regard to the Hoover Commission Style Bill, I am inclined to agree with what Charlie said, "Look at 'em. They don't take care o' nothin'!" I have known people to burn holes (cigarettes) in sofas and even let dogs lie on beds where they ruined mattresses. And this in brand-new, furnished apartments. To me, this bill "smacks" a little of the Communist attitude. God created all men equal but with individual personalities, tastes and ambitions.

The new medical care bills, H. R. 7792 and S. 2720, if passed, would certainly make me very happy.

During the past two years I have paid into a legitimate and well-known hospital group insurance agency over $200 without being reimbursed. This past September I had to drop it as we were transferred to a new base and I hadn't the funds to keep up the premiums.

This policy included maternity and for this I had spent close to $100 for treatment, etc., which this type of hospitalization would not pay for as it was not included in the contract. For people like me who need a specialist, government insurance would certainly be a boon.

Sincerely,

R. M. M.

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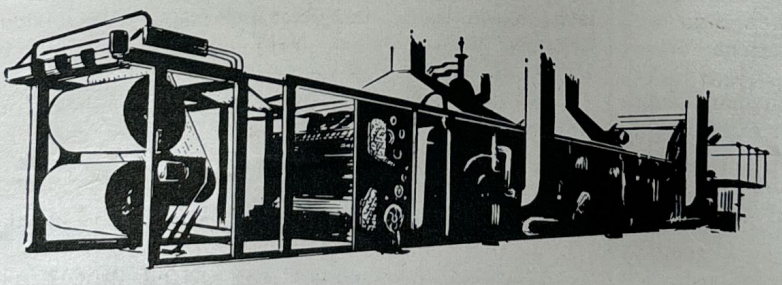

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A message of faith and courage for Air Force wives

TWENTIETH CENTURY PIONEERS

★ ★ ★ ★

from General
Nathan F. Twining
Chief of Staff, USAF

EXCLUSIVE—*U.S. Lady Magazine*

U. S. A. F. PHOTO

DURING WORLD WAR II the American Serviceman's wife coped with makeshift housing, frequent moves, food rationing, and long periods of loneliness—all with great courage.

No one can deny that the wives of our soldiers and sailors were brave during World War II.

However, they were strengthened by the knowledge that most other American women faced the same problems. Further, all Americans were joined in seeking one very definite goal—we wanted to win the war and get our lives back to normal.

Today's service wives, particularly Air Force wives, have a much greater challenge to face.

I single out the Air Force only because I am so personally and keenly aware of the peacetime demands upon our combat airmen and upon you, their families.

Your savings are eaten up by changes of station and high rents. Your children have to overcome the disadvantage of moving from school to school. Worst of all, when your husbands are away on TDY, or on long simulated combat missions, you are eaten by loneliness and fear for his safety.

This is hard to take when we are not at war. There is no goal, nothing concrete to win, no period of time to get over and done with.

This is hard to take when you see your neighbor's civilian husband come home safely every night, to a home almost paid for and to children who have known the security of one school and one group of friends.

You may wonder if last year's pay raise and the hope of better housing sometime in the uncertain future make this life worthwhile.

Of course they do not; but there are other advantages, perhaps more abstract but certainly more rewarding, that do make it all worthwhile. I am not thinking of the advantages of travel, financial security or other material gains. The real advantages are abstract.

First, is the spoken and unspoken respect everyone has for the career military men.

You, yourself, have this respect.

If someone calls your husband, "Mister," instead of "Sergeant" or "Major," you feel the urge to correct that mistake. You are proud to hear your husband called by his military rank.

Second, is the pride in being in a class by yourself—a sort of Twentieth Century pioneer. You admit that it is a hard life you chose, but you know it is a satisfying and useful one.

Third, is your ability to make your husband not merely satisfied, but glad and proud of the part he plays in the military service.

Fourth, and most important, is the realization that someone has got to protect America. You cannot look yourself in the eye and say, "Let someone else's husband protect us,"—not if you value your self-respect.

Protecting the families of America is a demanding job. As air power has developed tremendous striking force and ability to operate over vast distances, it has become inevitable that any general war would open with furious air action. Indeed, the first and decisive phase of the war would be won by the side using its air power best. The power of modern weapons would make this period of decisive air warfare mercifully quick. There would be no time to build new airplanes or to give refresher training to rusty combat crews. We would win or lose with the men and planes ready the instant war began.

What does this mean?

It means that for all practical purposes, the USAF is operating largely under wartime conditions. To keep a keen edge of effectiveness, men of SAC, TAC, and ADC must actually live as if we were locked in combat. Their training missions are exactly like real combat missions—just as exacting and just as exhausting.

Unfortunately, for our men to be honed to this fine edge of readiness, many of our Air Force families live under conditions approaching those found in a nation at war. All this places stresses and strains on our Air Force families.

Although we are working for the material gains to make your life better, gains like better housing, more medical care, and other benefits, I realize that the fundamental stresses and strains come from our having to constantly maintain combat readiness. I wish I could promise that if you will only be brave a little longer, tensions will ease and things will get better.

I cannot.

American security and safety require greater readiness not less—during an age of tension, not merely for a few months or years. If your children and your children's children grow up in a nation not ravaged by conflict, it will be because we had enough skilled experienced, and above all, *ready* men, poised through those years to defend and retaliate against any attacker. In a large measure, whether we have these men or not depends on you.

Paul and Dorothy Hochman supervise the cake-cutting ceremonies at a "ballerina" birthday party.

Parties Unlimited

By May Patrick

WOULD YOU LIKE TO give parties for a living? Paul and Dorothy Hochman of Washington, D. C., have a hand in more than 2,000 parties a year! With them, it's not only fun, but it's also a very successful business.

When Lt. Col. Hochman came out of the Army Air Corps with a medical disability retirement, his doctor gave it to him straight: "No more flying, no more strenuous work—take it easy."

Paul and Dorothy, his small vivacious wife, faced with the problem, spent five months seriously thinking and investigating different approaches. Just how does a fly-boy (he soloed in 1928) who has been an engineer all of his life make a living for his family after such strict medical advice?

It was really little Joe, their four-year-old son, who steered them into the idea that became a career. Dorothy was driving a very reluctant Joe to a friend's birthday party when he finally put it into words, "Aw gee, Mommy, I don't want to go. These old parties aren't fun like ours at home."

Dorothy spent the afternoon analyzing the affair her son didn't want to attend. The party was completely disorganized; swarming with screaming children, the mother of the young host was near hysteria. So for her own son's sake, Dorothy pitched in to help. She captured the children's attention and interested them in games and stories. The other mothers were entranced with her ability to control the youngsters through sheer force of her personality.

That night she and Paul put their heads together in earnest to plan what eventually became "Parties Unlimited." They made notes on Dorothy's observations of the afternoon and came to certain conclusions:

- The mother had been compelled to visit too many different shops gathering up the party supplies. (She was exhausted and vexed before the party ever started.) And the things she bought were not coordinated—cowboy party-hats, circus place cards, and favors of no particular theme.
- She had bought many things she didn't need, and more than she had planned originally.
- After all the items were finally assembled, at the last moment she discovered that she had forgotten to buy the candles for the cake!

The result was that poor mama was in no mood for a party, and because it had not been properly planned, she was tense and nervous. The children, who are quick to sense uneasiness in adults, became upset and unruly.

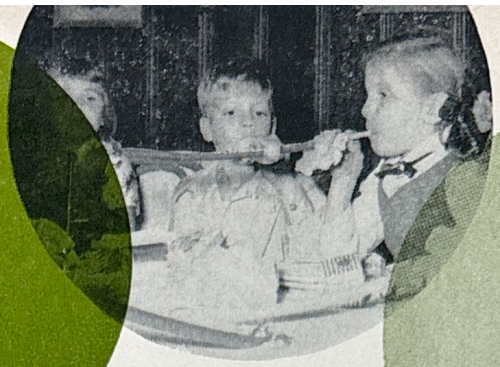
Dorothy and Paul decided to make it possible for harassed mothers to purchase in one package all the supplies necessary to insure a good party —including a printed format with complete directions on how to conduct it. They were able to offer a packaged party of attractive, unusual items not available in ordinary retail stores, reasonably priced.

Eventually their business expanded to include packages in 15 different themes—all holidays and anniversaries such as Easter, Valentine, Christmas, and Davy Crockett, Back-to-School, as well as Cowboy and Circus, and a Zoo party for babies up to 3 years old. The package includes everything except ice cream and cake. It was in this beginning period that the business was called "Kids Parties" and the packages are still sold under that label.

Soon the Hochmans found that they were in demand personally to supervise parties. It was then that the business once again expanded into "Parties Unlimited." Now the Hochmans can supply entertainment: a magician, marionette show, ventriloquist, carrousel on a truck, pony rides, color movies (they have a tie-in with the Walt Disney Productions, Inc., for the latest color films), and the most recent addition, an artist who paints a portrait of the birthday child explaining as he goes, each step taken in reproducing the child's likeness.

As Paul explains, "We never 'play down' to kids—they are always part of the show." The entertainers who work for "Parties Unlimited" have been trained by Mr. and Mrs. Hochman to use the direct personal approach to children making them "part of the act."

The Hochmans have handled parties for embassies, a Christmas party for 1,800 children at a large Air Force base, company parties for large business firms and, as Paul says,



hosts with the most... pleasure and profit

"Anything from a beer bust to a formal reception."

Their mail includes letters from Yugoslavia, Singapore, French Morocco, Newfoundland, the Antilles, Alaska, Guam and Brazil—all from service friends who want the Hochmans to send a "bit of home" in the packaged parties for American children abroad.

"Our service friends literally load up with party supplies before they leave this country," Dorothy adds, "Even though the packages are now available in some PXs."

A service wife in North Africa recently wrote ordering a "cowboy" party for their 9-year-old: "The party is for 16, and don't overlook a trick . . . this place doesn't even believe in paper plates . . . I can get the cake mix, but we sure need help on the decorations . . . there is nothing here!"

How does a retired officer like the party business? "It's great," says Paul, "It's a business the whole family can get into—Dorothy is a natural—she's always loved 'making a party,' and Joe takes a very proprietary attitude since he feels the business was all his own idea. Our older son, Mark, is a big help, especially when we show movies."

Mark Hochman is 19 now and a very serious engineering student. Joe is 10 and furnishes a great many bright ideas that "Parties Unlimited" has adopted.

Paul didn't meet his younger son until he came back from China. "I was up near the Tibetan Plateau," he continues, "cut off from the rest of the world. It took 28 days for a cable announcing Joe's birth to reach me." (Colonel Hochman was CO of the 14th AF, "Flying Tigers" under General Chennault.)

The Hochmans can't be pinned down to naming their favorite party, "They're all favorites. All are nice, all are fun and each is different." But they will give you their thoughts on the "Ideal Party" they're engaged to supervise:

- Keep the age group consistent *(Eight-year-olds won't have fun with children five.)*
- Provide a clean kitchen and an adequate working space.
- Remove fragile breakables.
- Answer RSVPs promptly.
- Arrive on time. *(At children's parties there's no such thing as being "fashionably late.")*
- Call for your children on time. *(A party shouldn't stretch into a baby-sitting deal for your hostess.)*
- At a supervised party, eliminate the parents except for candle-lighting time.
- Limit your child's party to two hours' maximum.
- Serve the food early and let it be the "highlight" of the party so as not to spoil dinner.
- Keep the party simple and to a child's taste. Remember, it is your child's party, not yours, and you shouldn't use the opportunity to reflect your financial position. Above all, *don't overdo it!*

What do the Hochmans do in their spare time? "Why," as Dorothy says, "When any two of us get together, we have a party!"

Calvert School
Baltimore U.S.A.

BALTIMORE, MD., U.S.A.

School Children Around the World

An

By Cecelia Lee Fine

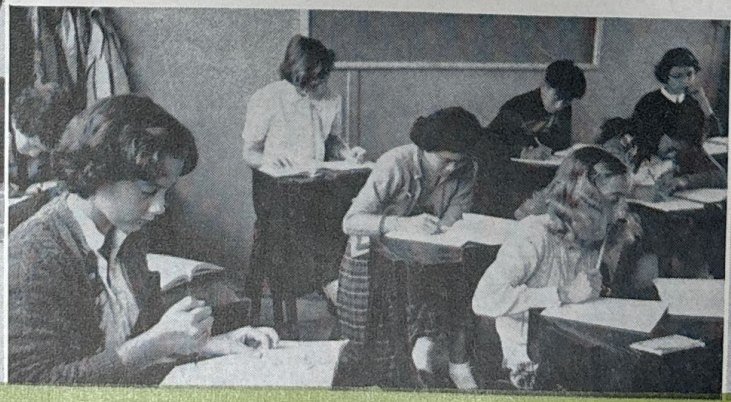
Kobudeh (near Hklonglongpu)
Myitkyina District
Kachin State, Burma

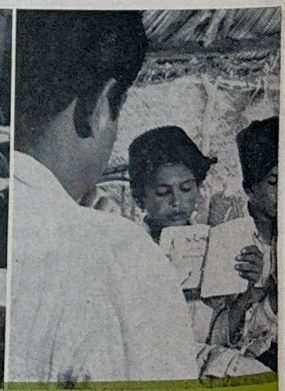
"... I sincerely appreciate your prompt attention in filling my order for school supplies...because of the distance and extreme uncertainty of mail up on the border of Tibet. I thank you so much for rushing it through."

THE POSTMARK on this letter could have been the Belgian Congo, Sumatra, Borneo, Mozambique, or Tasmania, for "school" to thousands of children means lessons by mail from the Calvert School. And, *while trains run, ships sail,* and *planes fly,* the Calvert School in Baltimore will be sending lessons by mail to American school children all over the world.

Baltimore is the home base for a model day school from which ideas and lessons radiate to the earth's four corners.

HAITI





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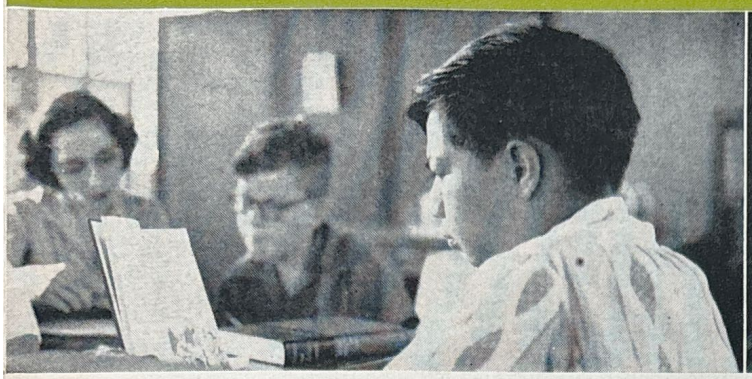

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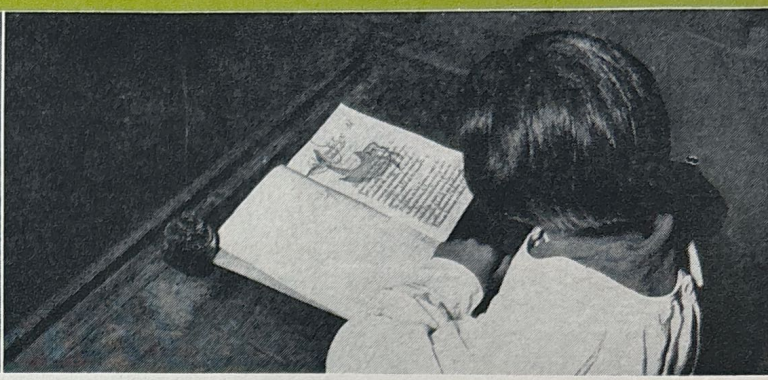


Apple for the Mailman

Bright-eyed children study and play there in the pleasantest of surroundings, wholly unaware that how they may react to a happening may well change lessons and books for countless little pupils from Afghanistan to Zanzibar.

"The sun never sets on our pupils," says Dr. Archibald Hart, who directs Calvert's world-wide school. "Without exception, every nation in the world at one time or another has had its Calvert child."

Calvert, the oldest and largest mail order school, has been conducting classes by mail for 50 years. Pupils are children who cannot attend regular classes because they are ill or live in places where there are no schools. Heading the list is the service child.

Lessons seem easier when they come in packages like gifts. And that is how Calvert sends them. Because supplies for a whole year must be shipped at one time, provisions for mailing are as carefully worked out as lesson plans. Each package carries materials enough for 160 days of study. These include books, pencils, paper, clips, and even eraser tips. For the lower grades there is an elaborate collection of scissors, crayons, modeling clay, and red stars (for merit, of course).

Calvert thinks of everything. The service wife couldn't begin to find the same material in far-off Cochabamba or Oubangui-Chari.

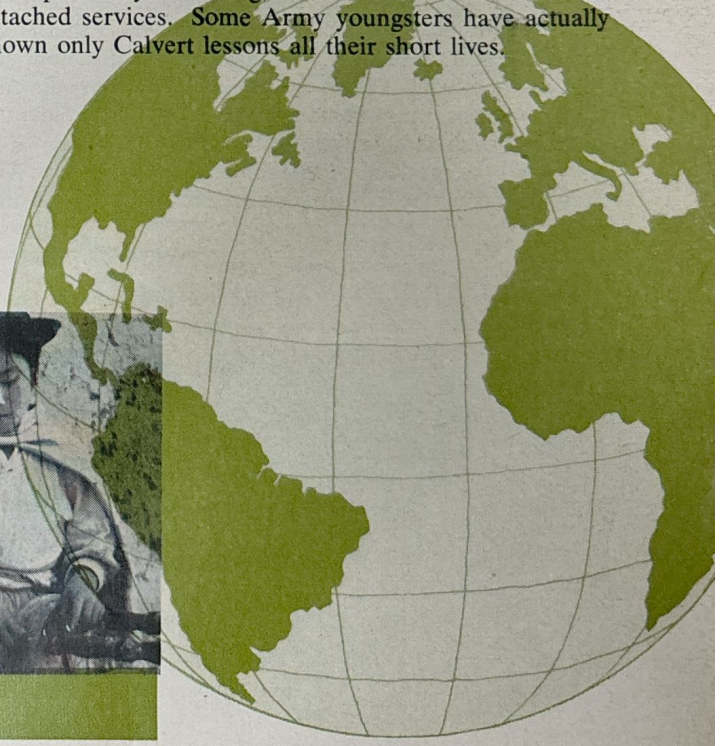
Workers package supplies in an enormous basement room of the school where each individual unit, weighing 25 pounds, is wrapped and stamped for mailing. Packing goes on all year 'round. Pound upon pound piles up until the final count brings the annual shipping load of the Calvert School to 85 tons of lessons.

Flown by plane or carried by boat, Calvert lessons always get through to their destinations. In some cases, unique methods may be used to bring them on one leg of the journey to the student. Junks on the Yangtze, burros over mountain trails from Chile, or dogsled through the snows of Labrador, may complete the mail order knowledge for little minds.

From the time the school began, missionaries, engineers, diplomats and businessmen have used the Calvert lessons for their children. Now the children of the military services vie with them in number. A Calvert School may be found wherever regular installations are too small for dependency schooling, as with missions or on other detached services. Some Army youngsters have actually known only Calvert lessons all their short lives.

PAKISTAN

BOLIVIA



Then there are those who start lessons by mail, attend regular schools when their fathers return stateside, and resume Calvert courses when the family returns for a second overseas assignment.

"Out of every 100 Calvert students who are children of Armed Forces personnel, the fathers of 33 are in the Air Force, 30 in the Navy, 28 the Army, 7 the Coast Guard, and 2 in the Marines. Among these service children, the girls outnumber the boys, 58 to 42, and there are four times as many eight-year-olds as those of fourteen and over," Dr. Hart advises.

In comparison with its thousands of pupils all over the world, the Calvert Day School in Baltimore looks small. The 400 children who learn their daily lessons in this model school are a strategic part of the Calvert plan, however. Every classroom serves as a laboratory to test and preview lessons that will later be adopted by all the other pupils everywhere.

A few of Calvert's 400 day pupils work out on the well-equipped playground. This model day school serves as a testing laboratory for other Calvert students all over the world.

"But," explains Dr. Hart, "the Calvert faculty constantly reviews the home study courses, and each is revised and brought up to date every three or four years. Our students are stationed around the globe and can easily spot a mistake in history or geography."

For instance, one of the students, a Navajo lad living in New Mexico, wrote in protesting that his people hadn't lived in tepees for many moons.

A school questionnaire asks: "Has the child traveled much in recent years?" The answers range from a matter-of-fact "Yes; Asia, Africa, and Hawaii," from one Naval Officer's wife to a "Yes!!!!!" from another wife.

The service mother, of course, takes her place in the very foreground of the school picture. Mrs. Ethel Hook, for many years a teacher in home study instruction, says that mothers who take their families to military installations overseas must somehow be particularly adept at teaching, even though they've had no experience.

"Of all the mothers of the children I teach," says Mrs. Hook, "those whose husbands are in the Armed Forces seem to grasp most quickly what they're trying to do."

Many service wives with no school-age children help out friends by teaching their children. They often divide the work of teaching among themselves.

One mother in Saipan says that the "Manual for Parents," which is included in the package of material, can be given much credit for her success as a teacher. This book, sent along with the regular lessons, is a daily guide for the parent who has had no teaching experience.

Step by step it outlines procedures even to designating the amount of time that should be devoted to each subject every day. It is practically "parent proof."

The Advisory Teaching Service for grades two through nine is another great aid to the inexperienced. Those pupils who are enrolled for this service prepare a special lesson on every four weeks' work and send it to Baltimore. A member of the Calvert faculty then reads it, grades it, and sends it back with friendly comments and suggestions for the pupils, and advice for the mother. This service costs an additional $25, but it is strongly recommended and tremendously helpful.

At Calvert, mothers write to teachers; teachers answer mothers, and the letters between them settle many a difficult problem. The exchange adds another "R" to the traditional three—a fine relationship between home and school. This parent-teacher partnership is ideal for the child. It helps to support him as he leaps the hurdles of learning.

Letters pouring into the Baltimore school from hundreds of oddly assorted places give the pupils there a "nice way to study geography." It's easy to remember places and facts about them when they come in a letter from a Pen Pal. Writing to members of the Calvert School is encouraged by the faculty. Some of the letters from the children come up with interesting facts.

Please turn to page 38

Calvert's mail room packages the lessons for shipment to far-away places.

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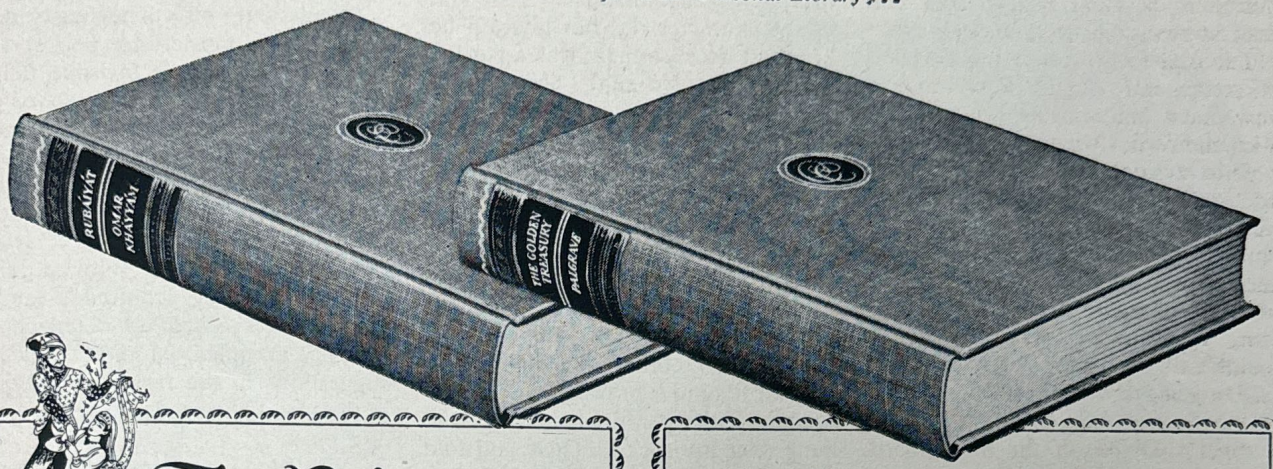

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THE BIG FRONT

EXPECTANT motherhood is no longer regarded in the proper spirit. Or, rather, there has been too much spirit put into it. Today, if you are about to become a mother, you are not only expecting, but there is more expected of you than at any other time in your life.

I looked forward to a quiet period of retirement. Silly girl. I realize now that I am a throwback to some Victorian who wore a voluminous cape to conceal her "secret" and took nocturnal hikes listing like a tired old sailboat. I understand now that I muffed my brilliant opportunity to become a beloved character. As a topic of conversation, I was a big bust. I had no sense of the dramatic. I didn't do one spectacular stunt.

"Do you know Millicent Schmudd? Major Schmudd's wife? A real charmer! Dived off the high board when she was six months pregnant. Made like a swan. The most graceful thing you ever saw! She wore the most divine maternity clothes! Simply mad with sequins. Old Mill glittered so for nine months, you couldn't see Mill for razzle-dazzle. Never knew she was putting on weight —you couldn't get close enough to see without blinders."

I don't know Millicent. I don't want to. Mill and I are worlds apart. Dive? I sat on the beach under a parasol and knitted baby blankets like crazy. Once, I did go wading but a wavelet caught me around the shins, I lost my balance, fell head-fast in the sand, and it took two lifeguards and a growing boy to dig me out.

"You heard about Patsy Tittle? Sergeant Tittle's wife? She bowled the entire nine months. Never missed a game. Team! Team! The night before young Tittle arrived, where do you suppose Patsy was? Right! Beating the pants off the opposing team. She ran up the winning score, waved a brisk 'So long, Kids, it was nothing,' dashed to the hospital in her bowling shoes and right up the middle of the alley—little Alderwick. No muss, no furore."

I heard about Patsy. I also heard about the girl in Texas, or "Nine Months in the Saddle." This star-bright character did not give up her hoss just because there was a pardner riding herd. No suh! She galloped over the plains, jumped fences, branded cattle and paused — only slightly — to give birth to beautiful twins. I was exhausted just hearing about this remarkable feat. Did it ever occur to me to even mount a steed?

No!

Surprisingly enough, it is not only women who corner you with these tales of feminine prowess. I remember one elderly retired general who hung over my rocking chair and told me with great pride, "My girl won doubles in a tennis tounament when she was six months pregnant with Junior."

Looking wistfully across the room at his now aged *girl,* I was tempted to ask if she had her racket with her and would take me on then and there. I bet I could have licked her.

I wasn't like the mother of six children who worked on the railroad, lifted ties, changed locomotives and looked like a mere lad with blue denims and a red bandana knotted carelessly at her throat. She knocked off work just long enough to produce another stalwart son. The next day, she was back at the job whistling merrily and being one of the boys. It made me weary to think of knotting that bandana every morning.

Then there was the girl-athlete who went skiing tho' in a very interesting condition. She glided over the icy crusts like a real little snow nymph! This kid had her baby before they could get the skis off! Easy! It would have taken a working party to get me on snow shoes and I didn't even try ice skating!

Let us not forget Hollywood. This is fast competition and hard to beat in your own kitchen. I read about these lovely super-women all the time. They never miss a day on the set, are completely glamorous throughout, and the most ardent fan never suspects that they are pregnant except for a columnist's tip-off. They carry their young in a mysterious pocket and the whole process is invisible to the camera's eye. They are screened going through the most violent antics and then—pouf!—fine, fat, fullsome infants without smearing their lipstick! Worst of all, they write articles about it later and ask in a sweet, condescending voice, "Why be dull?"

Besides having acquired a family, I have also picked up a terrific inferiority complex. I didn't react to suggestions in the fashion magazines in the gay, light-headed way everyone else must.

"Why don't you grasp this chance to indulge your whimsies?" one fashion editor demanded petulantly, and I knew this derision was hurled directly at me.

I tried. I couldn't rake up one good whimsy. I didn't girdle my expanding waistline in orange satin, nor float with a peasant skirt of burlap swirling at my ankles, nor pin ostrich plumes to my bosom to detract from my poison green ballet slippers that were detracting from my——I just didn't do it. I'm ashamed of myself.

There has been a lot of myth-exploding about craving marinated herring at 3 a. m. and with this I heartily agree. You are too tired to crave anything but peace and quiet. Especially, if you have been mountain climbing or ski-joring all day.

I assure you, motherhood in the expectant state has become a challenge. You must build up to it as if you were preparing for a gym meet. My advice to all women contemplating motherhood is to adhere wisely to the following simple rules:

Then there was the girl-athlete who went skiing tho' in a very interesting condition.

putting up a big front

By Roslyn South

1. It is foolhardy to approach maternity without first mastering some sport. Preferably one that makes a better story, like falconry or discus throwing.

2. It is necessary to forego any desire you may have to sew on small garments—you'll be too busy stitching up your costumes.

3. You should get an unusual career so you can keep it.

4. Go into this thing lightly. The emphasis must be on a devil-may-care attitude. Be picturesque, breath-taking, effervescent, scintillating. Don't miss your chance to be the Mother of the Year!

If you have the stomach for it, you can sit placidly by in dark blue and listen to the accomplishments of better women than you, and bless your quaint little heart. But! If you want to make your husband proud, if you want to go down in history like the Alamo, if you want to be toasted from El Toro to Quantico—now is the time. Be brave! After all, you'll be putting up a big front anyway.

I lost my battle with the PILGRIM FATHERS

By Kathryn E. Brown

He was pretty "set-up" over his electronic dream house until she "rolled a strike" with the Plymouth Rock!

Meg's letters looked pretty rugged, after the many readings I'd given them, and the one about the new home was held together with scotch tape.

"Our new house is everything we've ever dreamed about, Darling," she'd written, "but I'm not telling you a thing. I want the whole panorama of perfection to burst on you like a bombshell."

My eyes slid around the ward in the Tokyo Army hospital and my head sank back on the pillow. That part about the bombshell didn't set too well but I forgot it when Lieutenant Burke grabbed my hand. Her hair was a little redder than Meg's and she had everything else Meg had except the most kissable mouth in the world. Meg won the prize there!

"Must have been something pretty special in that letter, Captain. You look as happy as a man who's just gotten his oak leaves."

"Better than that, gal. Meg had a bit of money left to her. She's bought a new house and furnished it."

"Don't tell me about it. I am green with envy. I could have had my own home, too, if I'd taken certain, horrible things, but I just couldn't." I shot her a quick look.

There were a thousand and one guesses around the hospital about the pinup girl of the Army Nurse Corps, who hated men and wouldn't date. She leaned over, thermometer in her hand, her soft brown eyes swimming.

"Winston was filthy rich," she told me. "He looked a lot like you. Long, lean, tanned and real sophisticated, but I couldn't marry him." Her husky whisper died away in a little sniffle. The thermometer jiggled as I reached for her hand.

"Don't take it so hard, Hon. Why couldn't you marry him?" I closed my eyes and a sinister image of the Marquis de Sade seemed to fill the room.

"The man was mad. He was crazy about antiques." She exploded. "We never had a date that I didn't share with a couple of pieces of worm-eaten junk." I eyed her coldly and dropped her hand.

"You had me going for a minute. I thought the man was a monster or something. That's only a hobby. The guy's probably tops." She snorted.

"How long since you've been Stateside?" I questioned.

"Two years, eight months and twenty-four days," she replied. "I never want to go back."

"Don't you ever read anything but *Stars and Stripes?*" I asked sternly. "Antiques are out. All sent back to their garrets. Back home everyone is hot on this Do-It-Yourself craze now. Hand me my bag." Burky handed me the bag. I pulled out a dog-eared copy of *Home Beautiful* and covered it with a towel from the head of my bed.

"Take that to your quarters and read it. Cop yourself a couple of surgical saws and one of those hammers the doctors use to crack knees with, then lean on your ball-point pen and write to your man of distinction." She looked blank.

"Write what?"

"Use your imagination, Kitten. Do I have to draw a picture? Can't you see Winston in tails, with shellac in his little black mustache, down in the basement of his thirty-room mansion, hacking a sturdy piece of furniture out of a sauerkraut barrel and a couple of orange crates?"

"You don't know Winnie!" Suddenly she was thoughtful. "I'll buy that. I will write and tell him I've a new hobby, but if he's still on antiques, I've had it." She paused in the doorway to give me a pert little salute. I reached under the pillow for Meg's letter.

"Antiques," I snarled to myself, "I don't blame the gal." I'm an electronics man. Hot on electronics and up to my ears in plans for space stations. I tucked the letter under my cheek and tried to snooze but cold chills kept racing up and down my spine.

"Hepatitis," I worried, "and I'm supposed to get out of here tomorrow. It could keep me here a couple of months more." I finally fell asleep and dreamed about Heartbreak Ridge and antiques and big brass and woke up with a man of distinction pounding me on the head with a hammer.

Please turn to page 52

I looked over her shoulder and I could swear I saw an old figure in knee pants leering at me.

Post of the Month

by Lylas B. Peters

San

Grant Avenue in Chinatown—largest Chinese settlement outside of the Orient. Fascinating with its narrow streets, pagoda roofs and ornate balconies.

The stately gates of the Presidio, founded 1776 by the Spanish.

ORDERS AGAIN! San Francisco in '56! The Nation's Western Capitol, Gateway to the Pacific, Crossroads of the World, and Key to the Western Empire, is indeed a mighty city!

In 1769 Spanish Captain Gaspar de Portola received his orders, and marched out of the Palisade at San Diego to found the Mission at Monterey. On November 1, 1769 Sergeant Jose Francisco Ortego, on a hunting and scouting expedition for the forces of Portola camping near Carmel, first glimpsed the Bay of San Francisco. Six years later Don Juan Manuel Ayala sailed his little ship *San Carlos* through the Golden Gate channel becoming the first to drop anchor in San Francisco Bay. On March 28, 1776, Colonel Juan Bautista de Anza selected the location for the Presidio, and the next day the site for the mission, dedicated to St. Francis de Assisi, and called from the beginning, "San Francisco."

The history of San Francisco has always been one of romance and adventure. It was claimed by the early Spaniards and Mexicans before California was ceded to the United States in 1848. At that time (a little more than 100 years ago) San Francisco had 820 people, 200 houses, one school and one newspaper.

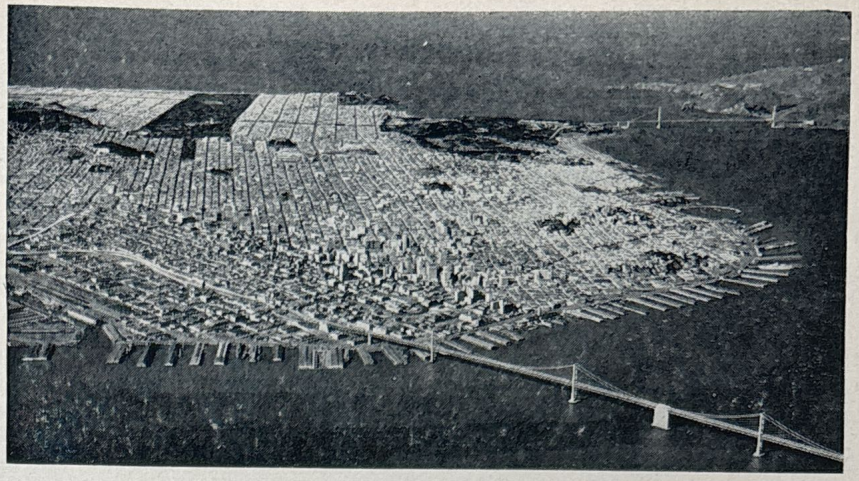
The gold rush of '49 was responsible for the rapid growth of the city. Along with Americans from the East, opportunists from England, France, Spain, Northern and Eastern Europe, Mexico, China, South America and Australia, rushed to the fabulous golden land. Realizing the great potentialities there, they remained to make San Francisco one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the world.

In the early morning hours of April 18, 1906, the city was devastated by an earthquake and fire. The water system was badly damaged and the fire raged for three days through the entire business section. Losses were estimated at $500,000,000 and 500 persons were dead or missing. Out of the blackened ruins rose the magnificent city of San Francisco as it is today.

San Francisco, located on the upper part of the rugged peninsula, clings to the slopes of the many hills rising high between San Francisco Bay and the Pacific Ocean. Altitudes range from sea level to 933.1 feet. The city, bounded on three sides by water, is among the few cities in the world having more than half its borders washed by the ocean's tidal currents. Three prominent islands lie within San Francisco's boundaries: Yerba Buena, Treasure, and Alcatraz. San Francisco, a city truly air-conditioned by nature, has a fresh bracing atmosphere, and is relatively warm in winter and cool in summer.

> The daily mean maximum temperature is 62.6 degrees and the daily mean minimum temperature is 50.4 degrees. The hours of fog over San Francisco Bay average only 153 a year, according to the Lighthouse Service, and the sun shines 66 out of every 100 possible hours.

The population on January 1, 1955, was 508,000, including a large number of service people. Located within the immediate San Francisco area is the Presidio of San Francisco, Headquarters of the Sixth Army, Letterman Army



Gull's-eye view of the Peninsula of San Francisco, showing Golden Gate Bridge in the foreground.

Francisco

Hospital, and the San Francisco Port of Embarkation at Fort Mason. Sub-installations of the Presidio are Fort Baker, Fort Barry, Fort Cronkhite, Fort Miley and Fort Winfield Scott. The Navy is also well represented by the Naval Communication Station, the Naval Radiological Laboratory, the San Francisco Naval Shipyard, the Marine Corps Depot of Supplies, Headquarters of the Twelfth Naval District located at the United States Naval Base on Treasure Island and the Treasure Island Receiving Station. San Francisco is also the Headquarters of the Twelfth Coast Guard District.

An outpost of empire under three flags, the Presidio of San Franciso is one of the oldest of the nation's military reservations. Its long succession of changing garrisons has stood guard over the Golden Gate since the first year of the American Revolution. The original Presidio was a walled camp of approximately 600 square feet surrounded by adobe walls. It was used by the Spanish until it was taken over by the Mexicans when they gained their independence in 1822, and was garrisoned by the Mexicans until 1846 when the United States took it by force.

During World War I the Presidio was an officer's training camp for 11 Western states. At the outbreak of World War II it was headquarters for the Fourth Army Western Defense Command under Lieutenant General John R. DeWitt. In 1946 the War Department replaced the nine Service Commands in the Zone of Interior with six Army Commands, and General Joseph W. Stilwell became the Commander of the Sixth Army with headquarters at the Presidio.

Today the Presidio covers 1,427 acres and is one of the beauty spots of San Francisco. It commands a panoramic view of the surrounding country. To the southeast one can look out over the city of San Francisco, an unbelievably beautiful sight with its many hills, shining with golden windows by day and with millions of lights by night. To the west one can see the flag flying above Fort Miley, the glistening blue of the Pacific Ocean and the Farralone Islands floating far in the distance; to the northwest beyond the Golden Gate is Fort Barry, and to the north, Fort Baker. One may look northeast across the bay and see Angel Island, Alcatraz and the Federal Penitentiary; farther to the east are the docks of Fort Mason.

If your orders read Presidio, you will find the Post facilities to be more than adequate. The Bay Area Exchanges operate the PX's, a laundry and cleaners, tailor shop, gas station and beauty shop. There is a commissary and barber shop, a clothing store as well as a Quartermaster Sales Store, Quartermaster Clothing Store, repair and alteration shop, and Quartermaster laundry.

You will find the out-patient service at the Post Dispensary at the corner of Funston and Lincoln. The Presidio Theatre has two shows each evening and matinees on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. There are also theatres at the various sub-posts. The library is located in the Enlisted Service Club.

There is a nursery where "Junior" will be welcome if he is between the ages of 6 weeks and 5 years. The rate is 35 cents an hour for the first child and 20 cents an hour for each additional child. There is also a weekly rate of $10 and a monthly rate of $37.50.

It stands to reason that you can't stay home with Johnny and Susie all the time. Quit worrying on that score. Baby-sitters are plentiful, especially teenagers. If you can't locate one in your immediate neighborhood there are several baby-sitting agencies that will provide one on short notice. The charges will range from 35 cents up for teenagers to about 75 cents for adults.

Domestic help is not too plentiful on the living-in basis. Day help will cost about $1 an hour. Again a reliable agency will assist you as will the daily newspapers.

If your family has grown up a bit they will attend the city schools. If you are on any of the Sixth Army Posts away from schools, the Army buses will pick up your children, take them into San Francisco and return them at the end of the day. San Francisco has excellent public schools as well as parochial and private schools. Most of the classes are small, with a minimum of double sessions. You will find that teachers are well qualified and are sympathetic toward the problems of Service children. Few cities in the world offer finer or more diversified educational opportunities. Courses of training in practically all phases of business, art, domestics, and various trades are offered in the public and private schools.

Waiting periods for Government quarters on the Presidio vary from time to time. There are quarters for only approximately 30 per cent of the personnel assigned. This condition results in an appreciable delay for quarters by new personnel. Five hundred Wherry units are available at Presidio Park. For NCO's two-bedroom units are $65.54 and three-bedroom units are $73.54. Company Grade Officers pay $82.54 for two-bedroom units and $92.54 for three-bedroom units. Field

San Francisco

Service guys and dolls choose a luscious seafood dinner at San Francisco's famed Fisherman's Wharf.

Grade Officers pay $97.54 for two bedrooms and $112.54 for three bedrooms. No quartermaster furniture or services are available for personnel occupying these quarters. Each lessee is allowed only one cat or one dog and dogs must be on leash at all times. Application must be made through the billeting office located in Post Headquarters.

If you are interested in off-post housing, write the billeting office, giving full information as to the type of house or apartment desired (rent expected to pay, number of rooms, etc.). When you arrive on the Presidio consult the billeting office; a list of houses in the category desired will be ready for you.

If you are interested in buying, pick up a copy of one of the San Francisco newspapers for listings and names of real estate firms. Either the San Francisco **Chronicle** or the San Francisco **Examiner** carry columns of them.

In choosing a home, consider the location. Some parts of the city have a great deal of fog. For that reason many prefer to live on the Peninsula and commute. An important thing to consider if you are renting is your lease. According to California law, if you sign a year's lease for an apartment or a house, **the landlord can hold you to the lease even though prior to the termination of the lease you receive military orders** to assign you to another station. To avoid this, sign a lease from month to month, or if the landlord insists that you sign a lease for a year, then before signing it have your Legal Assistance Officer (located in Building 201) prepare a rider to the lease which will allow you to terminate your lease on a month's notice if because of another assignment to a different station you are unable to fulfill the terms of the lease.

The cost of living here is comparable with other cities generally. Comments on food prices range from "slightly" to "much higher" in open market purchasing. Bulk buying in the Commissaries will help your budget considerably.

The Presidio grounds provide an 18-hole golf course. The Club House facilities are for members and their guests only. Swimming and tennis are also available for Post personnel.

Letterman Army Hospital, the Army's largest hospital west of the Mississippi, is located at the Presidio. The hospital was founded during the Spanish-American War and was named after Jonathan Letterman, Medical Director of the Army of the Potomac, one of the Union Armies in the Civil War. Letterman has served as a debarkation hospital for three wars, the Spanish-American and World Wars I and II. At present it has patients from the Korean front.

The Enlisted Service Club is one of the Army's finest. The Club recreation facilities include five bowling alleys. The game room offers pool, billiards, snooker, table tennis and small game equipment. A television room, a record room, and reading room are also provided. There is a lounge for small group activities such as modern and square dances, variety shows, and art and craft classes.

There is an NCO Club with a snack bar providing soft drinks, beer, and snacks; short orders and steak dinners are featured. Dances are held on Saturday nights and special events are scheduled from time to time.

The NCO Wives Club meets monthly, and sponsors a program of assistance to enlisted families newly arrived on the Post.

The Presidio Officers' Open Mess occupies the oldest building in San Francisco. This building, originally constructed of adobe brick, formed part of the stockade of the original Presidio enclosure. It provided living quarters for over half a century for the Spanish and Mexican commandants. The structure became an officers' club when the Americans took over California in 1846. The club has a magnificent ballroom, the Moraga Room. Elegant with mirrors and crystal chandeliers, it is here the Sixth Army entertains high-ranking visitors.

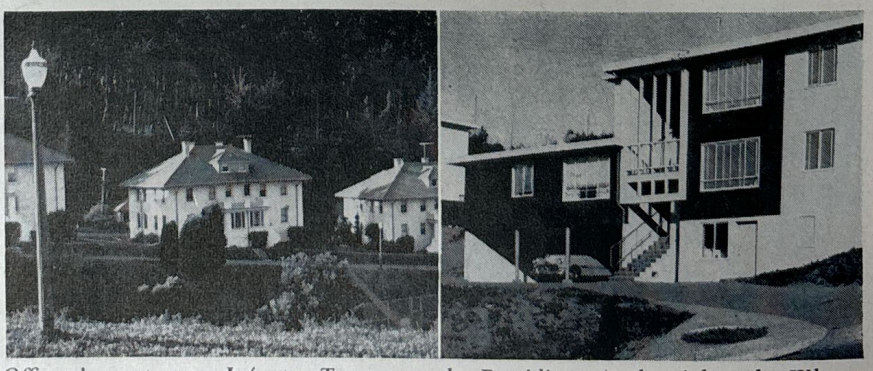
The Presidio Women's Club (officers' wives) is most active. You may look forward to the welcome and the orientation program this group extends to incoming service families. The members give extensive support to the "Youth Activities Program" for the post and operate a thrift shop for the benefit of youth activities. The club was one of the first to sponsor a Christmas "get-acquainted" dance for collegiate members coming home to spend the holidays with their families.

Catholic, Protestant and Jewish services are held on the post regularly at either the Presidio Post Chapel, Fort Scott Chapel, Chapel of Our Lady, or in the Letterman Hospital Chapel.

In the city of San Francisco there are over 400 churches and missions, many of them charming and beautiful. Old St. Mary's Church stands at the entrance of Chinatown and is built of bricks brought around the horn in the early days. The Mission of San Francisco is the oldest, having been founded in 1776.

If you are headed for Fort Mason the chances are you will be off again for a Pacific post before many days. Tempo-

Please turn to page 62



Officers' quarters on Infantry Terrace at the Presidio. At the right—the Wherry Housing project, Presidio Park Apartments, overlooking the blue Pacific. There is a choice of two or three bedroom apartments.

the Military Flavor

By Winzola McLendon

THERE ARE NO two ways about it, wining and dining is definitely a VIP (very important part) of service social life. It doesn't matter whether you're stationed in Tehran or Tokyo or Ankara or Argentina, old shipmates, classmates or buddies drop in and must be entertained. Then, there are always the "orders" with the accompanying round of farewells for those leaving and welcomings for the newcomers.

Two famous service hostesses who do a lion's share of the Navy's entertaining are Mrs. Charles S. Thomas, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, and Mrs. Arleigh Burke, whose husband, Admiral Burke, is Chief of Naval Operations.

Mrs. Thomas is the former Julia Hayward, of Los Angeles, Calif. And like all true Westerners, Julia Thomas likes to eat "outdoors." When at home in California, the Thomases' entertaining is centered around the barbecue.

A favorite menu starts with jellied consomme topped with a spoonful of sour cream served with celery, olives and crackers, and goes on to split leg of lamb, stuffed baked potatoes, asparagus (or any green vegetable), mixed salad with tarragon dressing, and "coffee surprise."

In Washington the parties are more formal. But Mrs. Thomas is an old hand at D. C. entertaining—they also lived here for two years during the last war—and handles all types with equal aplomb.

Since Secretary and Mrs. Thomas live at the Westchester in an apartment which isn't large enough for the type of entertaining required of a Secretary of the Navy, their guests are entertained aboard the U.S.S. *Sequoia,* a trim little yacht which is officially assigned to the Secretary of the Navy.

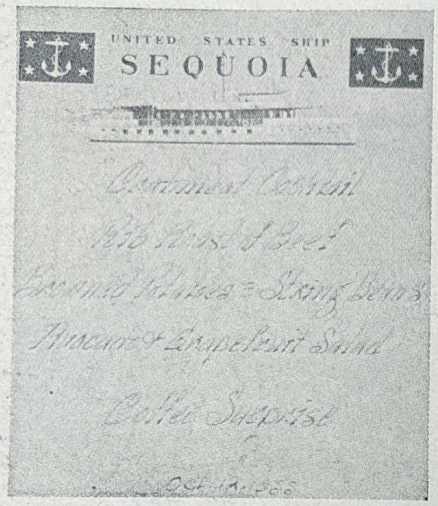
Actually, the Navy Secretary and his wife are not the only officials who entertain aboard the *Sequoia.* It is used by other members of the Defense Department on the secretarial, under secretarial and assistant secretarial level for official entertaining.

Guests who are fortunate enough to be on board the *Sequoia* before sunset take part in an impressive ceremony which is traditional on the ship. When the yacht arrives at Mount Vernon, she anchors, the crew and guests "man the rail" and honors are rendered at George Washington's tomb. While the ship's bell tolls, over the loud speaker is played a recording of a bugler sounding taps and playing the National Anthem.

Although a Navy ship, manned by a Navy crew, the *Sequoia* is not a combat craft so is not painted the traditional battleship gray. She is painted white with sprightly green

trimming on the overheads and decks.

The main salon, carpeted in green and paneled with mahogany retaining its natural redness, has a table where 22 guests may be seated for dinner. For buffet luncheons and dinners, the number of guests is limited to 38.



The Chief Steward, Aurelio Almon, has been on board the *Sequoia* for more than 15 years. The food he serves so beautifully is superb. A typical "seated" dinner includes crabmeat cocktail, rib roast of beef, browned potatoes, string beans, avocado and grapefruit salad, orange biscuits (for which the ship is famous), and Mrs. Thomas' favorite dessert, "Coffee Surprise."

For a buffet luncheon, Mrs. Thomas likes Chicken Curry with eight or nine condiments, a salad of avocado and tomato, those delicious orange biscuits and, for dessert, pineapple sherbert and cookies or ½ cantelope filled with fresh fruit.

Mrs. Charles S. Thomas

SPLIT LEG OF LAMB

Ask your butcher to split a leg of lamb. If possible cook on a barbecue. If not, it can be cooked under the broiler. Mix ½ cup cooking oil, 1 cup vinegar, 1 cup red wine, dash tabasco and 1 tablespoon Worcestershire. Marinate the lamb all day in above mixture.

Place lamb, with skin side up, on barbecue. Cook one-half hour. Turn. Cook 15 to 25 minutes—depending on how well done you like it. Slice as you would a steak.

STUFFED BAKED POTATOES

Wash and scrub 6 potatoes. Dry and grease. Bake at 350° for 1 hour or more (depending on size of potato). Cut in half. Scoop out pulp, mash and mix with 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons cream, 1 cup tillamook cheese (grated), salt and pepper to taste, add pinch of nutmeg. Fill the potato skins, heap the tops. Brown under broiler or in 400° oven.

MIXED SALAD WITH TARRAGON DRESSING

Combine avocado, tomato and lettuce and romaine in a salad bowl. Toss with a generous helping of tarragon dressing. Make dressing by mixing 1 cup tarragon vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon mustard, dash of cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon of dried tarragon. Shake well. Add 1 cup olive oil and shake again.

COFFEE SURPRISE

Buy the best grade of coffee ice cream you can find. When ready to serve, place on a platter in a mound the amount needed. Cover generously with whipped cream which has been seasoned with dutch cocoa. Over the whipped cream, sprinkle plentifully with sliced, toasted almonds.

CHICKEN CURRY AS SERVED ABOARD THE U.S.S. SEQUOIA

(serves four or five)

Clean one chicken (about 3 pounds), cover with water, boil covered until tender. Remove chicken from bones, return to chicken stock. Saute lightly 2 medium size onions (diced), ½ cup diced celery, and 2 or 3 diced apples. Add to chicken and stock. Mix 1 to 3 tablespoons curry powder (depending on individual taste) with small amount of cream or milk. Add to stock. Thicken slightly with flour. Simmer for ½ hour. Serve with rice and the following condiments: Chopped bacon, chopped eggs, chopped tomatoes, chopped peanuts, chopped celery, chutney, cooked shredded coconut, Indian relish and French fried onion rings.

FRENCH FRIED ONION RINGS

Slice 6 large onions. Make a batter of 1 beaten egg, ½ cup milk, ½ teaspoonful salt and enough flour (about ¾ cup) to make a thin batter. Dip onion rings in batter, fry 1 cup full at a time in kettle of deep fat (370°). Drain on absorbent paper.

ORANGE BISCUITS A LA SEQUOIA

Sift 2 cups flour with 2 teaspoons baking powder (double acting), 1 tablespoon granulated sugar and 1 teaspoon salt. Cut in 4 tablespoons shortening. Add rind of 2 oranges. Add juice from 2 oranges (if not enough to make ¾ cup liquid, add milk). Roll on floured board and cut with biscuit cutter. Bake in greased baking pan in 400° oven for 12 to 15 minutes or until brown. Yields about 12 to 14 biscuits.

WHILE Secretary and Mrs. Thomas do most of their entertaining afloat, Admiral and Mrs. Burke dispense their hospitality ashore at Admiral's House. Sitting atop Observatory Hill in Washington, D. C., Admiral's House—a staid old Victorian dwelling—is the official dwelling of the Chief of Naval Operations.

The tiny *("just clears five feet")* brown-eyed Mrs. Burke—a quiet soft-spoken woman who is content to remain in the background and let her famous husband take the limelight—is the former Roberta Gorsuch of Lawrence, Kansas. Like most Navy wives, she has (security permitting) "followed the fleet." She and Admiral Burke were married in the Naval Academy Chapel on graduation day of June week 1923.

About her favorite menus Mrs. Burke writes, "When the subject of favorite menus was first broached to me, I flirted with the idea of beef stroganoff and other suspenseful dishes. . . . Perhaps sober second thoughts, well-seasoned and nicely served will be more useful."

"My door prize goes to a simple, man-satisfying, expandable menu. A door prize it is. Because even in a servant-less house, you can be at the door to receive your guests."

The menu: Tabasco-tipped tomato juice (served in the living room), pot roast with gravy, buttered hominy, Fordhook lima beans, spring salad, and fruit cup served in watermelon shell.

Mrs. Burke says, "Please don't say, 'Oh, anybody can cook pot roast.' Cook it with as much T.L.C. (tender loving care) as you would a filet. Brown it richly on every side and angle, seasoning as you go. When the last side is sizzling away, add several sliced onions around the edges, stirring 'til faintly colored. Finally turn the fire way down and pour on top about 2 teaspoons Worchestershire and a plop of ketchup. Add ¼ cup water (or less if you are a pressure cooker addict) and simmer very slowly 'til done.

"At this point, the gravy can be poured in a jar, the meat sliced, and you have that comfortable feeling

Please turn to page 28

the Stork
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The Editorial We

from page 2

guerrilla operations, and finally MacArthur's return to Manila and Corregidor in 1945. While waiting, Alvadee freelanced and lectured on Latin America in her native Pennsylvania. The following year we both flew back to South America together, where John reported the first Peron election campaign in Argentina, and Dee proudly put on her first maternity clothes. Alice JoDee was born that September in Washington, D. C., where CBS had assigned John to cover the White House.

There followed three years of Presidential journeyings for John, broadcasting Mr. Truman's activities up to and including the 1948 campaign, and his Inauguration on January 20, 1949. The month before, Mr. Truman won his $5 bet with John that "it will be a girl," when Abigail Jane arrived to complete the Adams' family foursome.

In the spring of '49 John was asked to help organize the unified Office of Public Information of the Department of Defense. Later, when the great NATO alliance came into being, John set up the Defense information office of the Mutual Defense Assistance Program and the Mutual Security Program. In these interesting and vital projects, he worked intimately with top civilian and military leaders at the Pentagon, and at SHAPE, as well as with newsmen and editors in the U. S. A. and throughout the world.

In 1953 he resigned from the Department of Defense to establish his own international public relations business, in which he was enthusiastically joined by Alvadee. We launched this after a seven-weeks' survey trip around the world, with particular time and emphasis on countries of the Middle East and Asia.

Through John's civilian work at the Pentagon and his years as a war and foreign correspondent, we have been closely connected with many phases of the military problem, particularly the informational one. For the past seven years we have lived just six minutes by car from the Pentagon, in the Beverly Hills section of Alexandria, Virginia, where every June large vans come to move some of our Army, Navy, Air Force and Marine friends to their next posts. Dee has a brother who was in the Marines between his high school and college years, at the end of World War II, and a still younger brother now serving a four-year enlistment in the Air Force—currently listed as Airman 2/c William H. Hutton, 13504292, 626 ACW Squadron, APO 701, Seattle, which is somewhere in Alaska.

John's only brother is Col. Hank Adams, USMC (ret), who as one of Edson's Raiders, earned the title, "One-Man Army of Tulagi" in the first night of action in the Guadalcanal campaign. (He killed in a few seconds' time 14 Japs single-handed.)

Hank fought a pretty hard war for more than three years in the Pacific, and is now retired in San Diego. Even before that both he and John were expert marksmen. Between them, they hold more than 1000 medals for target-shooting—Hank having about 700, according to John. National pistol and rifle trophies, international

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Military Flavor

from page 26

that the main course is 'in the bag' for tomorrow.

"Hominy in cans or in the occasional pasteboard box is another 'bird in hand.' Put two cans (for six servings) hominy in the top of double-boiler, with salt to taste and ½ cup milk . . . heat gently. Allow plenty of time because it's a rather heavy commodity. Before taking up, stir in a few lumps of butter for that pop corn flavor."

Frozen lima beans, cooked according to package directions, are used by Mrs. Burke. Her spring salad is a bowl of crisp salad greens mixed with any good French dressing to which she has added all the herbs she can 'take down' from the shelf.

Her dessert directions are, "The melon operation may be started in the morning. Cut the melon lengthwise. . . . Cut out the interior in neat chunks, scraping out seeds. Cover and refrigerate. Add canteloupe and honeydew balls for variety and black cherries and blueberries for accent. All may be prepared in the morning and refrigerated until that last beautiful moment when your melon shell becomes a horn of plenty. Remember to slice a thin piece off the bottom of the shell for a happy landing."

"Out of season, there is still your prettiest dish with vanilla or pineapple ice cream surrounded by your favorite frozen fruit. In times of stress I always remind myself to season as I go and to keep the whole thing simple. That really clears the deck."

The "suspenseful" beef stroganoff Mrs. Burke mentioned was the piece-de-resistance at the first dinner party Admiral and Mrs. Burke hosted in Admiral's house after he took over as Chief of Naval Operations in August, 1955.

With the stroganoff was served rice cooked in beef bouillon, baby green peas sauted with onions, green salad with French dressing and chocolate ice box cake.

BEEF STROGANOFF AS SERVED AT ADMIRAL'S HOUSE

For four servings, melt 1 tablespoon butter in frying pan. Saute until soft but not brown 1 onion (chopped fine). Add 1½ pound filet of beef (cut into narrow strips). Saute for about five minutes, turning often. Add 2 cans mushrooms and liquid. Simmer until meat is tender. Add 2 bouillon cubes (no water, just the cubes!). Add ½ teaspoon nutmeg and salt and pepper to taste. Add and heat but do not boil 1 cup sour cream.

Serve with rice cooked according to directions on package, substituting beef bouillon for water.

For the salad use a dressing made with ¾ cup olive oil, ¼ cup lemon juice, ½ teaspoon paprika, ¼ teaspoon salt and dash pepper.

CHOCOLATE ICE BOX CAKE

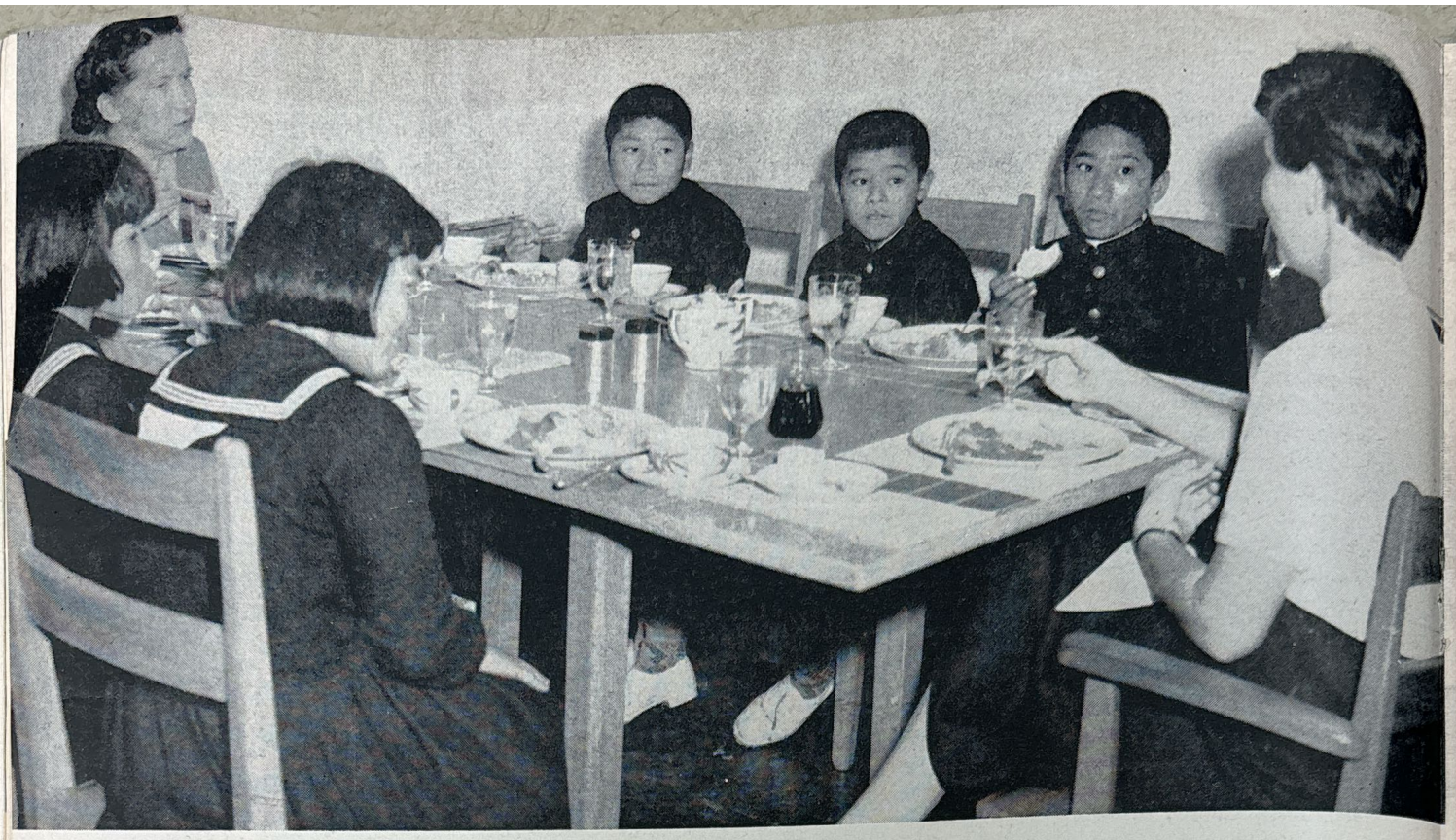
Line a mold with waxed paper. Place around the sides and over the bottom 18 lady fingers (split lady fingers, place flat side toward wax paper). Melt 1 package Baker's semi-sweet chocolate. Put aside. To 3 beaten egg yolks, add ¼ cup sugar. Add 1 tablespoon water to melted chocolate. Add chocolate and egg mixture. When cool, fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites and 1 pint heavy cream (whipped). Fold in ¼ teaspoon mint extract and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Pour into waxed paper lined mold and place in ice box over night. Unmold just before serving and "ice" with sweetened whipped cream. Use 1 cup heavy cream to 4 tablespoons confectioners sugar and ½ teaspoon vanilla.

★ ★ ★

Mrs. Arleigh Burke

U. S. LADY-OF-THE-MONTH

Mrs. Robert Merritt



U. S. LADY-OF-THE-MONTH

MARIAN MERRITT met the challenge of distance long before she became an Air Force wife. She met it at the age of 4 when, as a permanently crippled victim of polio, she learned to walk again. A child's determination grew into the quiet courage of a woman who, as the wife of Major Robert F. Merritt, USAF, found a shortcut from Ashland, Wis., to Kadena Air Force Base, Okinawa, and the hearts of the Okinawan people.

Bob, a minister's son, and Marian, the daughter of a newspaper man and Presbyterian elder, first met in church work in Wisconsin, and continued their courtship at Northland College in their home town.

When Bob enlisted in the Signal Corps at Detroit in 1942, they had been married 13 years and their daughter, Natalie, was 10 years old. Separated by the war, Marian returned to teaching in the Ashland High School while Bob went through Signal Corps O.C.S. and later the Air Force Intelligence School, as he rose from enlisted to officer rank.

The Merritt family was reunited in 1946 in Bob's first assignment to Kadena Air Force Base in Okinawa. There was little to attract the American service wife on "The Rock" in the Pacific. But neither the discomfort of Quonsets nor one of the worst typhoons in history discouraged Marian Merritt from making a home and feeling at home where, even then, the former enemy was still making the roads unsafe for travel. The scars of war had yet to heal; the time for American-Okinawan friendship was yet to come.

"The year was far from wasted," says Marian, "Though I was too busy teaching in the American School to have much contact with the Okinawan people. But I liked what I saw of them and their customs. I knew then that I wanted to come back."

The Merritts returned to Okinawa in 1952. American ingenuity and technology had accomplished a great deal. The Island had changed. It was still "The Rock," but it had become a rock of strength. The speed of jets had welded the once remote outpost in the Pacific into a firm link of the American defense chain. Okinawa's geographical distance was now measured in hours instead of miles, but the Americans and Okinawans were still centuries apart in culture.

For Marian Merritt here was another challenge of distance. The shortcut from Ashland, Wis., to Okinawa, Ryukyu Islands had to be an *inroad* into racial prejudice on both sides, oriental superstition and the equally strong, if not quite as ancient, American distaste for anything unsanitary, all complicated by an almost insurmountable language barrier.

Marian found no miracle to solve the complexity of human relations. However, she discovered that a simple formula of mutual respect and a sincere desire for friendship accomplished wonders. Finally, her marvelous sense of humor enabled her to move obstacles of centuries and create a common ground of understanding.

She had two strikes against her. First she was a woman, and secondly, as a mother, she had failed to bear her husband a son. Women who have no sons are without social standing in Far Eastern communities. Somehow, in her determination to know and to be friends with the Okinawan people, these handicaps, as well as others

less obvious, were brushed aside.

Active in women's affairs on Okinawa, Marian used her offices in various organizations to break through the barrier of misunderstanding and mistrust which for centuries has impeded relations between the East and West.

As president of the Kadena Chapel Guild, Marian instigated a special, unique project. One Sunday each month the Guild invited the entire congregation of an Okinawan church to the base for the chapel service, a tour of the base, followed by an American-style, help-yourself, buffet dinner—an astounding revelation to Orientals whose meals require separate serving maids for each guest present. She also organized "Mis-

Mrs. Merritt (at head of the table) and daughter, Natalie (at foot), entertain some children from the Yonabaru orphanage at dinner in their home after Sunday morning services in the Air Force Chapel, Okinawa.

The kimono-clad Merritt family, Natalie, Bob, and Marion, recall their Air Force tour of duty on Okinawa as they look through an Oriental style album of photos of their activities and friends.

sionary Day" when all the missionaries, regardless of sect, gathered while each told of his work and needs, and his particular problems.

Because of difficulties between American service wives and their Okinawan maids (caused chiefly by language barriers and difference in customs), Marian founded and directed the Okinawan Maid School under the sponsorship of the Kadena Officers' Wives Club. This school enrolled untrained girls for a 60-hour course during which they learned to make beds, defrost refrigerators and do the ordinary housework expected by American women. Marian acted as mediator between the maids and mistresses and discovered that in the majority of cases the mistress was at fault. So she wrote to each mistress of a maid school girl, "Most of your problems will vanish if you will have a heart!"

When Marian was program chairman of the club she often asked Okinawan women to demonstrate flower arrangements and explain Oriental cultures and customs. The club supported the Okinawan Home for War-made Orphans, the Leper Colony, and other charitable institutions on the "Rock."

In the International Club (of which Marian was a charter member and program chairman) the monthly meetings were held with a split stage, one side oriental, the other occidental. Afternoon visits were shown —the formal tea at an Okinawa home on tatami mats and the "drop-in-for-coffee" visit of the Americans. Babies from both countries were bathed, dressed and fed on stage. Once an innately shy Okinawan was prevailed upon to dress—from the underskirt out to the intricately tied obi while an American slipped into an afternoon dress after starting with only panties and bra. Maternity clothes also were displayed by an American wife who very shortly was going to need them, and the latest in maternity styles brought gasps of amazement, and understanding, from the Okinawan women. At another meeting the dif-

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Relaxing for a few moments at the piano, Marion Merritt plays a hymn as Hakata dolls from Kyushu and an Okinawan dancer doll look on.

U. S. Ladies in the Air

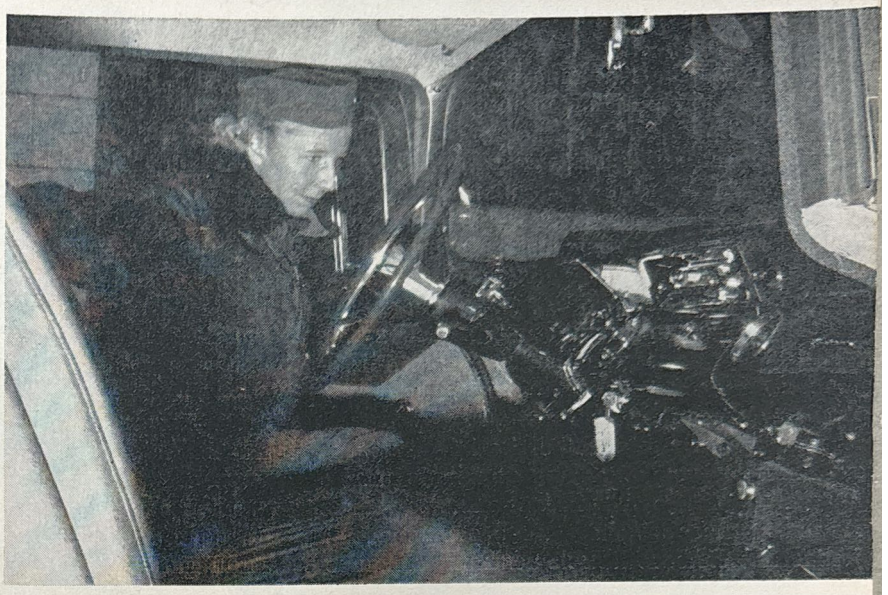
By Frank Burnham

SERVICE WIVES get used to being routed out of a sound sleep in the middle of the night by a jangling telephone summoning their husbands to the flight line, the ship or the office. Blond, pretty Harriet Robertus, wife of Maj. William Robertus of Shaw Air Force Base, South Carolina, is no exception. There has been a switch in the Robertus household during the past year, however. Now when the shrill voice of the phone shatters the night it is Harriet who more often than not is being summoned. The big change came when she joined 91,000 other American civilians wearing the Air Force blue as members of the Civil Air Patrol, official civilian auxiliary of the USAF. It was natural for Harriet to gravitate toward the uniform. She was born at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, an Army brat, daughter of the late Col. T. S. Troy, U. S. Army Medical Corps. Her brother, Capt. Guy S. Troy, is a West Point alumnus now serving in Germany. The lure of the wild blue yonder called early to Harriet Troy. Shortly after graduation from the University of Arkansas she took a job as secretary to the manager of an Army Air Corps contact flying school. There she met Bill Robertus, school supervisor. Their early days of courtship were marked by holding hands acoss the turtle back of a biplane trainer while Bill "wrung the ship out." The Civil Air Patrol took Harriet's interest first while Bill was assigned to Headquarters, Air Rescue Service, in Washington. CAP's civilian pilots and observers fly more than 50 per cent of all the hours flown on aerial searches in the U. S., by all agencies operating under the direction of Rescue. Later when Bill became the Air Force liaison officer for the CAP's South Carolina Wing it was natural for Harriet to become a full-fledged CAP member and a qualified aerial observer. Today she is one of some 14,000 women—adult members and cadets—who are doing their part performing vital noncombatant flying missions for the USAF and working in behalf of aviation and American airpower. Like all 91,000 CAP members, Harriet Robertus believes in CAP's motto—Semper Vigilans—always vigilant. Always ready for the midnight telephone call. . . .

Photos—R. Caramico

HARRIET TAKES the family station wagon which Bill has equipped with two-way radio on CAP frequency. She can keep in touch with the mission while on her way to the field. More than 5,000 mobile CAP radios like theirs blanket the 48 states.

THE VOICE this morning said, "Harriet, there's an L-5 missing with two aboard. Be at the field by 0400 hours for briefing. Takeoff is at daybreak!"



EVEN WHEN she's doing a man's job Harriet enjoys her woman's prerogative—first to get a steaming cup of hot coffee while Col. Alfred Pate, South Carolina wing commander, briefs the flight crews on the course, speed and flight plan of the missing plane.

RARE IS THE MISSION—actual or training—when the unit chaplain isn't on hand to bestow a blessing before takeoff. Their religious duties discharged, most CAP chaplains take to the air with the other members performing the mission. Many of them are pilots and plane owners.

THE FIRST RAYS OF THE SUN illuminate the horizon as Harriet and her pilot make their way to the L-16 liaison plane assigned to them. Some 500 such Air Force liaison planes are on-loan to the CAP. CAP members themselves provide another 4,800 light aircraft especially suitable for the low and slow flying necessary in aerial search. A last minute consultation between pilot and observer over the search map and this U. S. Lady is off on a mission of mercy.

throughout the day

THE SWAMPS AND WOODLAND of South Carolina are bleak and forbidding as the little plane plods along at its assigned search altitude of 500 feet. If anything went wrong at this altitude another plane would be missing. The small, four cylinder engine continues its reassuring throbbing, however, and suddenly the lost sleep, the cold-numbed feet and hands and the threatening fingers of the forest are all worth while—*there is the wreck!* The pilot puts the plane into a screaming dive. They pass low over the crash. Yes, there are survivors. One of them is injured but the other waves vigorously. As the search plane makes another pass over the wreck Harriet drops a message, "Help is on the way!"

FINDING THE CRASH ISN'T ENOUGH. The survivors must have help, hot food, water and medical attention. Other trained CAP ground rescue crews equipped with radio to keep in touch with the search plane have been standing by. Now they move in. Lt. Peggy Pate talks with Harriet in the plane who acts as the eyes for the rescue crew directing them to the crash scene by the fastest possible route. In less than an hour qualified first aid specialists have treated the injuries and the survivors are prepared for the trip back.

MISSION COMPLETED! This was just a training mission but it was carried out like a real one. CAP believes that practice makes perfect. Harriet Robertus and her thousands of cohorts don't intend to get caught flat footed. CAP flew 14,000 hours on real searches from July 1, 1954 through June 30, 1955. Although she finds time to be an active participant in the Shaw AFB Wives Club, the PTA and the Girl Scouts, Harriet feels that next to her two children, Frances and William, the Civil Air Patrol "comes first." With the help of public spirited U. S. Ladies like Harriet Robertus and hundreds of other patriotic American men and women serving with CAP in more than 2,500 communities in the U. S., Alaska, Puerto Rico and Hawaii, this Air Force auxiliary will be there "fustest with the mostest" in both peace and war—training young men and women to follow careers in aviation and performing important aerial missions—search and rescue, air support to civil defense, aerial radiological monitoring, mercy missions and disaster relief work.

All is not work at the Calvert Day School—pictured above is a group of Calvert girls enjoying recess, favorite subject at Calvert as at most schools.

An Apple for the Mailman

from page 16

A little Navy boy makes the delightful discovery in Iskenderun, Turkey, that "Tomorrow is Children's Day here and everything is free to us kids, ice cream and candy and even the movies. Wish they had that in Utah."

"It's always cold in La Paz (Bolivia)," writes an Army child to a friend. "I guess that's because this is the highest capital in the world."

A nine-year-old Air Force boy at Kabul, Afghanistan, sent this information to his pen pal: "My hobby is mountain climbing. My best friend here is Mohammed. He's a Boy Scout, too."

Another pen pal tells about life in a teak boathouse and shopping along the canals of Bangkok. From Jedda in Saudi Arabia, an Army youngster shares the great news that "I have a pet gazelle. It was captured by a trained falcon."

Small wonder Calvert small fry like geography.

Although many of the children study by themselves, the school encourages the formation of group schools wherever it is possible to get ten or more students together. At this very moment there are 48 Calvert School groups in the United States, and 60 in 38 countries elsewhere, including those in Central and South America, Africa, Europe, the Caribbean area, and the Near East.

On Formosa, where there are probably more Calvert students than in any other service locality, there are four group schools using the system from Baltimore. The Taipei American School is the largest of all of these. In New Delhi, the American School is organized as a cooperative with an all-American faculty. In Syria, the Damascus Community School is also a cooperative with parents elected as a board to administer the school. The unique staff of seven teachers, all of whom know thoroughly how to teach the Calvert way, are Americans, British, Syrian, and Palestinian.

Today, 8,000 children throughout the world call Calvert "school." In the last fifty years that it has been a nonprofit, unendowed institution, Calvert has provided an education for approximately 100,000 American children. Testing and constantly reviewing and revising home study lessons in their laboratory school in Baltimore, Calvert teachers have designed courses that have enabled children to go right ahead with high school and college study when they returned stateside.

Filling a distinctly modern need and organized for teaching on a world-wide basis, Calvert still concentrates on the traditional three R's. "A child's ability to express himself through the written word cannot be cultivated too early," says Edward Brown, the Calvert headmaster. As would be expected, Calvert stresses the importance of geography and history, and in addition to the regular elementary school subjects, includes those that are rarely considered as belonging to grades two through eight. Nevertheless, Calvert small fry do learn and actually enjoy studying astronomy, mythology, and the history of art.

Calvert shrugs off obvious handicaps of time and distance in directing its far-flung school. The feeling of belonging is an absolute necessity for every small child. Calvert fosters it in all its pupils if they ever touch home base or not. Letters from the teacher-advisor are friendly, sympathetic, and even personal. Pen Pals are cultivated among the children and there are no more dedicated letter writers in the world than the small fry of Calvert.

The men who direct the Calvert School have something of the genius of service wives for adapting means to ends. Legend has it that Virgil Hillyer, Calvert's first headmaster, started his correspondence lessons to defeat a whooping cough epidemic that kept his pupils home. Today, Calvert sends lessons everywhere on the globe. Should the military ever establish a post on Mars, Calvert will undoubtedly be alerting its shipping room: "The next jet leaves for Mars January 20. Packages must be ready by the 10th."

★ ★ ★

HELP WANTED—2,000,000 Editors

We appreciate your helpful comments on past questionnaires and we'd like you to continue helping us edit your magazine. How you rate these articles, and your suggestions for additional material, will determine the content of U. S. LADY—*so please fill out this questionnaire and mail it to us.*

Article or Feature	*Excellent*	*Fair*	*Poor*	*Remarks*
Capital Command Post				
The Investors' Corner				
Parties Unlimited				
An Apple for the Mailman				
U. S. LADY of the Past				
Putting Up a Big Front				
My Battle with the Pilgrim Fathers				
Post of the Month				
The Military Flavor				
The Stork Set				
U. S. LADY-of-the-Month				
U. S. LADIES in the Air				
A Career in Handicraft				
My Husband's Staying In				
Toni Taylor's Child Guidance Column				
The Soldier's Child				
U. S. Young Lady				
Service Etiquette				
Dress Parade				
The First Easter				
In Spite of Yourself				
Bookworm's TDY				

I would like to see the following features added to U. S. LADY.....

.....

How many people read or saw this copy of U. S. LADY?.....

Did your husband read this copy?.....

I would like to participate in the production of U. S. LADY in the following ways: Subscription agent..... Writer..... Artist..... Stockholder.....

And now, we'd like a little information about you & your family, if you please.

Live on post?..... Off post?..... Shop at commissary?..... Other?.....

Shop by Mail?..... Number in Immediate Family?..... Own a Car?.....

Own your Home?..... Number of magazines you read regularly or subscribe to..... What type of advertising most interests you and your family?.....

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

Service..... **Branch**.....

Own or Husband's Rank or Rate.....

Please send one year's subscription to the following. Check enclosed for $3.85 each ..... **or bill me**.....

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

The Editorial We

from page 28

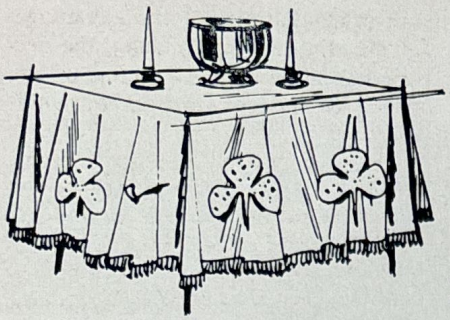
championships—you name 'em, they got 'em. In fact, John entered the publishing field via his trigger finger. Back home in California after winning the world small-bore rifle championship in Bisley, England, in 1932, he was invited by William Randolph Hearst to visit his fabulous San Simeon estate. There the publisher suggested John might make a better living with a typewriter than with a gun, and put the young Stanford graduate to work on The San Francisco Examiner. Four years there, two in Europe winning more trophies and working as a reporter-photographer for the Associated Press of Great Britain, the London Daily Express, Time & Life, back to New York as an AP wire photo editor, then on to Rio . . . but you've heard enough of the Adams', so let us get back to what you are really interested in, U. S. LADY.

If this April LADY seems less gay and a bit thinner than the last number, December, there is good reason why. We need advertising. Advertising is built on circulation figures, and that is where you come in. If you enjoy reading U. S. LADY, and know of other friends in the service who would enjoy it, please fill out the coupon on the inside back cover and send it to our subscription department. Furthermore, we are counting on you, our loyal subscribers, to act as our publicity agents and public relations consultants. Talk about U. S. LADY at your Wives' Club meetings. Mention U. S. LADY at your next cocktail or luncheon party. Then let us know how you and your friends feel about it.

In December we announced plans to start a section devoted to news of service wives and club activities. Since then we have been receiving news meant for the local paper, like an announcement of next month's bake sale. Now we love bake sales, but there are too many of them to be recorded in U. S. LADY. If you read your November LADY, you learned that there are an estimated 600 clubs in the Norfolk area alone, which gives some inkling of the prodigious number of service wives' organizations around the world. Please mail us news and photos of your club's activities only if it is so notable that it warrants publication in a global-circulating magazine. We must necessarily reserve the right to make this selection ourselves, and will not return any material.

In the interest of economy, we are discontinuing the $150 prize offered by the previous management for the best true service experience article published during the year. Many excellent articles slanted just right for U. S. LADY readers, are coming in, BUT nearly all of them are too long. We can rarely use a piece longer than 2000 words, and the usual length is much shorter than that. If all contributors will carefully edit, cut and condense, their articles will make a more favorable impression here, and our task will be easier.

One last important request. On this page is a reader interest questionnaire, designed to tell us about you and what you think of this month's U. S. LADY. Please fill out and mail, in the interest of better future issues. Thank you, and happy reading!



A Career in Handicraft

By Margaret Magness

CREATING appropriate decorations for holidays can lead a service wife out of her dining room into the fascinating new world of direct selling. Roberta Clark, of Chevy Chase, Md., wife of Lt. Col. Marley C. Clark, learned this last year when she designed and made felt sequin-trimmed bells, candles, clocks, and champagne glasses to decorate her green table cloth for the New Year season.

Friends who saw her tablecloth thought it was so attractive and different that they encouraged her to investigate the tablecloth market with an eye to making similar ones for other women. That is how she found, on shopping tours that took her to more than a dozen linen shops and department stores in Washington, D. C., and New York, that apparently there were no tablecloths such as hers on the market.

Various other types were available, such as those marked for cross-stitching by hand or fancy machine stitching, but Roberta reasoned that motifs which could be finished at home *without sewing* and then easily removed would appeal to a larger group of women, especially to service wives who must always keep in mind lack of storage space. She even found one type which featured the pressing on of felt motifs, but realized this presented possible laundering problems and lacked versatility, for it could be used for only one holiday.

The first step in making a business instead of a hobby of her creative ability was to find help from someone who had experience in the business world. She remembered her friend, Virginia Spiller, who has worked for the Air Force for more than 12 years and is now with the Manpower Division of Military Air Transport at Andrews Field, Md. Virginia, seeing the marketing possibilities of the exchangeable-motif tablecloth, eagerly became a working partner, and from the beginning has been in charge of the clerical and ordering departments.

Before Roberta could expand her original idea of making holiday motifs to attach to a plain colored cloth, however, she wanted to perfect the attachment that held the motifs. Originally she had snapped hers on, but this meant that the cloth could not be used plain nor could the motifs be moved. Experimenting with clips, pins, thread, and grippers, she finally evolved a new type of fastener which is none of these but is permanently and invisibly attached to the felt decoration. It can be hooked into any part of the tablecloth and removed with a twist of a finger without damaging the cloth. Thus, decorations can be grouped or spaced according to individual preferences or position of the table. They may even be used on draperies, where at night they sparkle and glitter invitingly.

Having decided that sewing on sequins involved more time than was available to most homemakers during holiday seasons, the next thing in perfecting her undertaking consisted of finding the right kind of adhesive for attaching sequins, glitter, and rhinestones to the decorations. One ordinarily is unaware of the different qualities in glue, but sticking sequins to felt was a specialized operation which required a great deal of experimentation before Roberta found just the right kind that was both efficient and invisible.

Satisfied that the major technical problems had been mastered, Roberta and Virginia then turned their attention to the field of materials. This included finding a wrinkle-proof, washable cloth in the right shapes, sizes, and colors, with fringe that would stand up well to laundering. As the rayon fringe on her own original cloth scorched easily when ironed, the partners were determined to get one with fringe that would wear well under the newest bride's laundering techniques. They finally located, after diligent searching, a rayon and cotton cloth which with either steam or dry iron, can be smoothed in a few minutes without dampening, has a heavy white cotton fringe, and is available in white and exquisite shades of pink, turquoise, red, and green.

The partners at last knew exactly what kind of tablecloth they wanted to market. And they had found, during this experimental period, that going into the tablecloth *business* is very different from decorating one tablecloth for *fun*. They now turned their attention to the problems of obtaining materials wholesale so that they could keep their prices as low as possible.

Their first move, and a wise one for anyone starting a new business, was to spend a day at the Department of Commerce in Washington, D. C., where they bought and were given literature on how to start a mail-order business. They preferred this type of retailing to putting the product in stores, which would need to make a profit and would thereby increase the price of the tablecloths to the consumer.

From the pamphlets they learned that in order to buy materials at wholesale prices, they must have a name to use as proof of a business. Roberta and Virginia discussed names for the project; by putting the first two letters of their names together they emerged with Vi-Ro, an easily-remembered name which now appears

on all of their business stationery and packaging tape.

At this point the Post Office Department entered the picture, for wholesale businesses must have a post office box and a special number to use on the type of envelope which requires no stamp. Roberta got these in the name of Vi-Ro and was then ready to go about ordering her materials. Her first wholesale order, for 45 non-returnable fringed tablecloths in assorted sizes and colors, she remembers writing with fear and trembling.

Felt, ordered by the yard from a New York wholesaler, was sent to a Washington lettering firm which specializes in making felt letters for school banners and athletic sweaters. Designs for various holidays . . . hearts, cupids, and valentines for Valentine's Day; chicks, eggs, baskets and bunnies for Easter; even hats and hatchets for St. Patrick's Day . . . were drawn by artist Doreen Tyndall, wife of Air Force Major Joseph M. Tyndall, and by the lettering firm's artist. Special motifs—for festive occasions such as birthdays, bridal and baby showers, Mexican, Italian, and Oriental dinners are all available in white or colors to order. Roberta feels that having the motifs designed by artists and cut by a lettering company gives them a professional touch which would be impossible to duplicate in the home.

A New York trimming company supplies glitter, plain and fancy sequins, and rhinestones in five-pound lots. Roberta packages these decorations by the tablespoonful in little "see-through" bags which come from a packaging company. Another wholesale packaging firm supplies boxes and jiffy-bags, which are small, well-padded, and useful for mailing the card-table sized cloths.

Decorating the motifs is fun—easy! Roberta or Virginia can complete motifs for one cloth in little more than an hour, thanks to much experience, but they estimate that anyone can do it in about two hours. They'll send a completely finished cloth if ordered, but think that one of the advantages of the cloth is that by doing the decorating the buyer has a feeling of creativeness and can express her individuality.

Roberta, deep in packages of glitter and felt decorations, has a few words for the service wife who might want to start her own business. She feels that such a venture would be impossible for a woman who has young children, for starting a new business is a full-time job and involves disappointments and heartaches. Capital, too, is required, and must be found either in the bank account or from friends who have enough faith to give part of their nest-eggs to the embryonic business.

But now that the wrinkles have been ironed out and the business is on its way to success, all sorts of ideas are popping up in the minds of the creators of Vi-Ro. Perhaps the next thing they'll be offering will be Army, Navy, Air Force, Marine, and Coast Guard motifs for their many service friends!

DECORATING THE MOTIFS IS FUN

The Service Child
FUN FOOD FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

By Phyllis Jervey

IMAGINATION PLAYS such a vivid part in small children's daily lives that "Fun Food" is a wonderful way to promote appetite appeal. Youngsters up to about ten or twelve soon learn that eating is not simply sustenance, it is also a form of social interchange. Meals become interesting if mothers play the game with a smile! With all the array of modern streamlined groceries this task is certainly simplified.

From a rubber-coated spoon for baby's first bite of prepared food, to every type of packaged pudding, cookie and cake mix and whole delicious frozen dinners, even the busiest mother has time to bring an occasional element of surprise to her children's main meals. This sparks enjoyment without greediness and subconsciously stimulates lagging appetites.

Small children are said to first "eat with their eyes" before satisfying an inner urge. Not that this indicates their "eyes are larger than their little tummies" but that appearance, color and aroma will surely encourage even the most indifferent, if small attractive servings are separated and not thrown together.

The fun theme does not mean that children should play with their food or become finicky. Catering to their preferences does not imply pampering, it merely avoids arguments, waste and confusion. In this enlightened day, scolding at table and forcing food is taboo. Resentments are sidestepped if mothers will prepare and serve the balanced foods which their children *like.* There is no lack of variety in the markets; why should there be in the home? Children of the Armed Services adapt themselves to unusual dishes and seasonings as they do to languages and foreign customs. Versatility is the keynote of fun menus.

For larger families, most mothers follow a miniature assembly line pattern to systematize and speed up service. Small children sit on hassocks in front of an eating counter of suitable height. This is covered with formica or figured oil cloth. Dishes and bowls, cups or mugs are pretty, colorful and practical, made from unbreakable materials. No broken crockery to cry over in today's set-up! Older children sit on high stools at a food bar conveniently placed near mother's cooking and serving area. Of course youngsters should have a rest and time to spruce up before coming to the table . . . or shall we say "counter"! Nice manners come naturally with a little good-natured coaching and example from parents. Dining out is a sure way to avoid carelessness, as young people are great imitators. Their innate self-respect usually prevents children from making scenes in public, something which their elders should realize!

Teaching girls and boys between 7 and 14 to cook is the modern approach to food appreciation. This is accomplished at home rather than in domestic science classes which are for teen agers. There are many gay, easily understood cook books for youngsters. These do-it-themselves books teach good eating habits at an early age. To supplement the books, there are also "fun-with-food" toys in today's shops. Youngsters are intrigued with the prospect of preparing their own pint-size meals in these fascinating small cooking sets. Even boys can have a whack at becoming outdoor "Chuck Wagon" cooks!

To facilitate her work and save time, one Army mother I know uses kitchen shears to cut up roasted meats or chicken for small children's plates. This used to take far longer with a knife. She also tells me that her little ones (five of them under eight years) prefer their cut up lettuce and tomato salad served in glass custard cups and mixed with a *sweet* french dressing to which a little mayonnaise is added. Raw vegetables are consumed eagerly if speared with colored toothpicks and a "dunking" sauce of ketchup and cottage cheese is provided.

Another favorite with small ones, is a "Spicy Chicken Bake." Thaw 2 packages frozen chicken breasts, thighs and drumsticks. Brown each in bacon fat, drain. Season with powdered cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves, add salt to taste. Wrap each piece in tinfoil, moistening poultry first with apple juice. Seal and bake until tender. (Serves 6-8) Spices, if used sparingly, create "remembered foods." A slight dash of nutmeg on cold milk or buttermilk, or cinnamon on hot chocolate, will recall childhood's favored foods in later years.

A smooth cheese custard is nourishing yet not "babyish." For 6 eggs add 2 cups milk, beating well, mix in 1 cup grated American, or mild cheese, with a pinch of salt. Greased custard cups are filled with the cheese mixture (above makes 6) baked in pan of water in 450° F. oven 10 minutes, then reduced to 350° F. and baked 30 minutes longer. Serve as a vegetable with buttered corn niblets or Spanish rice (Both canned), topping each cup. For children under four, use creamed-style corn. Short-cut shortcakes are made by baking cornmeal bread from packaged mix. Cut into squares, slit in halves and fill with crumbled broiled bacon and pineapple bits. Soups are made more exciting by passing a bowl of dry cereal with a spoon. Each child tops his cup of soup with crunchy cereal, and it would be even nicer to let him have a choice!

Fruits for dessert have a wide scope. Frosted Baked Apples are fun! Core and peel as many small apples as needed. Roll each apple in melted butter, then in sugar, next in grated coconut. Fill center with chopped dates and raisins. Place apples in baking dish, with a little warm water. Cover and bake in 350° F. oven until tender. If very special flourish is indicated, top each with vanilla ice cream.

Simple cookies fill the cookie jar. Mother uses prepared mixes. Various shaped cookie cutters are used to make open-faced sandwiches. Softened cream cheese combined with currant jelly, or peanut butter and honey make the base, while currant or raisin eyes and red cherry mouths always bring forth squeals of delight. Jellied desserts are more appealing if animal crackers parade across each serving. Fun for Mother, fun for children!

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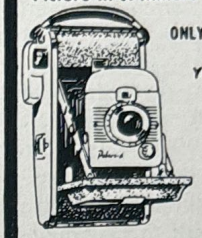

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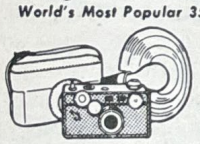

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I Married a Career Man

. . . and I'm glad!

By Mrs. W. F. Marshall

IT'S GETTING SO almost every time you pick up a newspaper or magazine you are apt to find another sensational article which "explains" (at least to the satisfaction of its author) the "real" reason "Why Men Don't Reenlist."

When you read down through these learned compositions, wherein sob-stuff and tripe is often interspersed with fact in a ratio of 99 to 1, you are told the reasons for the faltering reenlistment rate are:

- Service pay isn't enough to keep men in the service when it is compared with the gigantic salaries and other emoluments allegedly awaiting one and all in civilian life;
- Wives of servicemen are demanding their husbands spend more time at home in the company of their families;
- Service wives have arisen as a group to object to the gypsy-like life which sees them living here, there, and everywhere—in this country and abroad—with no real permanent home.

I may be a minority of one, but I think it's about time I spoke my little piece on these so-called "reasons." As the wife of a career serviceman who did his 20 years of active duty and retired two years ago, I believe I can speak with more than a little knowledge of the subject.

So at the risk of drawing down the wrath of those service wives whose husbands are underpaid, spend little time at home, and cause their spouses to lead the nomadic life of an itinerant gypsy, I submit the following theses:

- My husband's pay, admittedly not as large as we would have liked it to be, was more than sufficient to give us everything we REALLY needed, raise two children, and even put away a few dollars for a rainy day.
- All things and two wars considered, my husband was able to spend more time at home than I had a right to hope for when I married him.
- I enjoyed the service life which saw the children and I travel through 37 of the 48 states, two territories, and five foreign countries, with homes established in seven states, one territory, and two foreign countries. What's more, I firmly believe the children and I are better Americans because of it.

Sure, it wasn't easy. But the rough bumps along the way made the good times (of which there were plenty) seem even better.

I've lived in dingy, dreary apartments, shared a tiny house with a slatternly woman who stole our food out of the old-fashioned icebox and moved her ex-husband in as a boarder, and I've put up in rat-trap flats that would cause a case-hardened welfare worker to have nightmares. I've even slept in the back of our car with the children when an avaricious landlord doubled the rent for his crummy shack and had his brother-in-law, a combination justice of peace and deputy sheriff, evict us while Bill was overseas.

On the other hand, I've lived in a cheery new house in sun-drenched Florida, a comfortably middle-aged California ranch-style house in the Golden State, a cosy cottage set amid landscaped grounds in Rhode Island, and an air-conditioned apartment in Virginia with everything except radar.

The children and I (and sometimes Bill, too) have bedded down in flea-bag motels one level above a hog-pen, in shady-looking hotels in big city slum areas, and even in a tent high in the Rocky Mountains during late October.

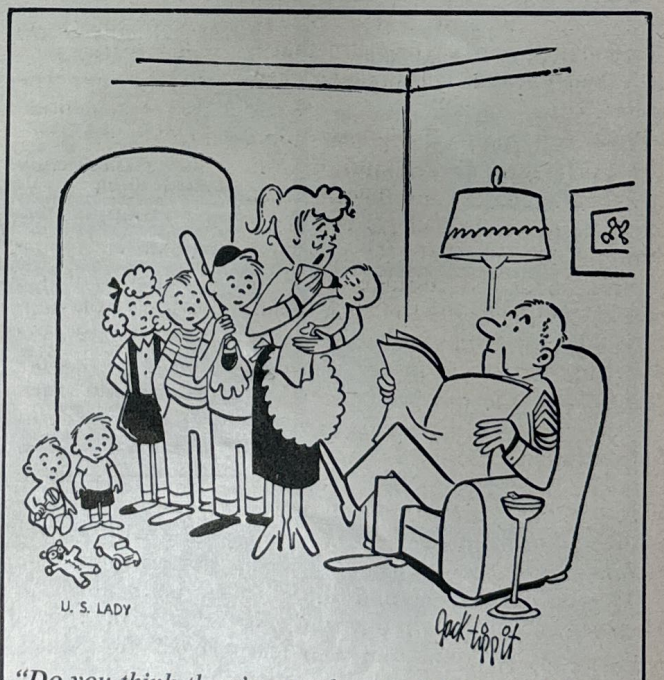
But I've also put up in the finest hotels in California, at the fabulous luxury inns of Las Vegas, and the glittering hostelries of New York City.

I've scrimped and saved for days so I could take my parents to a neighborhood movie, but I've also seen the finest stage products and extravaganzas that Broadway has to offer.

There's been travel that was done in a dirty daycoach, in a sweltering bus on the Mojave Desert, and aboard an ancient stake-bed truck that threatened to fall apart at any second.

But service travel has also found the children and I winging our way from one coast to another in the span of the daylight hours via a giant four-engine plane, journeying from the midwest to the Gulf of Mexico in a drawing room of one of the nation's crack diesel streamliners, and racing across the ocean aboard a famed trans-Atlantic liner with every conceivable service and luxury

Please turn to page 57



"Do you think there's any chance of their sending you overseas again?"

COSMOPPETS

The new baby

by Toni Taylor

PHOTO BY DAVID STRICLER

TO A SERVICE FAMILY, the anticipation of a new baby presents unique problems. Frequent moves and adjustment to new school situations may leave your child vulnerable to the arrival of the new baby. The methods you use in attempting to handle this problem will determine your child's adjustment.

"I have a four-year-old daughter, Bunny, and I am about to have another baby. My husband and I are delighted, but we are worried, for Bunny is still such a baby herself—and so dependent. That is partly because my husband is away much of the time—you know service life—and I have probably babied Bunny too much. But she is so jealous of any attention I pay to anyone else that I can't imagine what will happen when the new baby comes."

What will happen depends upon how much you can accomplish with Bunny between now and the time that her new brother or sister arrives, for although the new baby is tiny and helpless, make no mistake, he will have a definite effect upon each member of his new family. And it seems likely that Bunny is in for a rough time because she has been "king" of the roost up to this point. You say that she has had more than the normal amount of babying. That is going to make it doubly hard for you to divide or divert the attention that you will need to give to the newcomer.

But you have time and there is much you can do to help Bunny if you start right away. Don't let your fear about how the news will affect her make you tentative or self-conscious in telling her of the coming event.

If the fact that there is to be a baby in the home can be told casually as part of a talk about babies in general, so much the better. Let her know that you and her father are happy, but don't overdo your enthusiasm. At this point, she must have time to digest the news, for she is not yet consistent in her reaction to the newcomer.

Let action take the place of talk. Include Bunny in your preparations for the new arrival. If you are awaiting orders to join your husband, your personal job is doubled. Bunny can help get the room or baby corner ready; take her shopping and let her choose something for the baby; go over her own baby things with her, so that she can see how much bigger she is than the baby will be. During this time, encourage her to talk about the baby and answer all of her questions, but as casually as possible, always emphasizing her own importance to the coming event.

The coming of a new baby almost always brings out some curiosity about where the baby is, how it is growing and where it comes from. This is a natural time for answering a child's first questions about birth—answer them truly, casually and fully—but only answer what the child asks; don't go into a long dissertation or enlarge upon the subject. Many children imitate their mother's behavior by playing with their dolls and preparing for a new baby of their own.

Almost all children, unless they are insecure in their relationship with home and parents, welcome the idea of a brother or sister. So that there will not be sharp disappointment, it is important to point out that the new baby will be very tiny and helpless, not an immediate playmate or a toy to be handled. It is better to tell the child that a baby in the house will make for some new routines, for example, mother will have to give time and attention to such a tiny baby. It is a good idea to prepare a child for the fact that the baby will sleep much of the time, and that shouting or loud noises near him would disturb the sleep that will make him grow.

No matter how great the anticipation of a new brother or sister, most children will have moments of anxiety and doubt, especially if, like Bunny, they have been "baby" in the house. If your child has faced the added burden of constant moving, adjustment problems are intensified. Any child will have moments of wondering if the new baby will usurp his place in the affections of mother and father. He will fear that he may be called upon to make too many sacrifices—to share too much with this little stranger. It is during these moments that the real closeness of parents is of greatest importance. When your child expresses any such feelings, meet them with understanding and sympathy, not with disapproval.

Prepare your youngster for the fact that you are going to be away from home when the baby is born. Tell him that in the hospital there are doctors and nurses to help the baby until the baby comes and a special room with other babies where he will have special care at first. Take a walk with him to look at the hospital so that he knows where you are while you are away.

Be sure that he knows where he will stay and who will care for him while you are away. If possible have him in the care of a favorite relative or friend with whom he feels secure. It is especially fortunate if Father is duty free and can spend this time with him.

It is important to have his home and routines run as normally as possible while mother is away. This is no time to institute change or try new foods. This is a time for mother to "keep in touch." One mother wrote a series of short notes to leave at home—one to be given to her youngster each morning when he woke up.

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Students of the Archery Course, Gary Hopkins, Tommy Kirthlink, Bennie Dale, Pat Baron, LaNita Jordan, Mickey Dale, and Jacqueline Russie make ready on the firing line.

the Soldier's Child

GROWING PAINS AT FORT KNOX

By Lt. Gay Talese

". . . Father was in the Army all through the war—the first war I mean—so, up to the age of five I never saw much of him, and what I saw did not worry me. Sometimes I woke and there was a big figure in khaki peering down at me in the candlelight. Sometimes in the early morning I heard the slamming of the front door and the clatter of nailed boots down the cobbles of the lane. These were Father's entrances and exits. Like Santa Claus, he came and went mysteriously. . . ."—Frank O'Connor.

THE famous Irish writer of the above describes a problem in the life of a soldier's child. Though it concerns an Army child of another era, the subject of Army children is always a significant one.

Periodically, people ask:

"Is it possible for children living on an Army post to have a normal, happy childhood?"

Or, "How can an Army child get a decent education when his parents are always traveling and shifting his schools?"

And sometimes they ask, almost reluctantly, as if an "Army Brat" is a thing unreal—like a griffin or unicorn—"Are Army children *different* from civilian children? How *does* the Army manage to keep all those kids busy, and out of mischief?"

Many of the lusty tales about the Army's children are—like the stories about the Preacher's son—vividly distorted.

For the true facts about Army children we went to one of the largest military posts in the nation—Fort Knox—and asked those who should know (teachers), those who might know (parents), and those who are still trying to find out (psychiatrists and anthropologists).

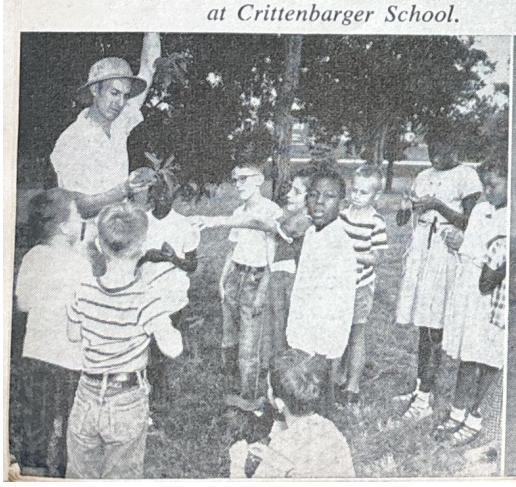
The Army child is, according to the experts, just like any other American child—very self expressive, competitive; no better, no worse. (Some anthropologists have advanced the theory that American children generally are not as polite as the French, as placid as the Swiss, as decorous as the British, as gentle as the Italian.)

Visit Fort Knox at 8 a. m. on any week day and you will see 2,500 children of the Army, ages 5 to 17, books under arm, going (not always with the greatest conviction) to school.

Like civilian children, Army children usually ride to school in buses; other children who live close to school get there by walking, pumping bicycles, or grinding along on roller skates.

But unlike any civilian school, the Fort Knox school is made up of an impressive melange of youngsters from nearly every state in the nation—plus pint-sized delegates from South America, Europe and Asia—all the offspring of American and Allied troops currently stationed at Fort

Gleason McCubbin, nature study instructor, teaches a class of eager second graders the difference in leaf outlines at Crittenbarger School.



Richard Craycroft, Judy Johnson, Mary Shields, and Ricky Mason begin a polka, one of the favorites of Summer Activities Classes.

Directed by Mrs. Richard Stehl, Laura Jane Henderson and Mary Louise Pelton work on crafts during Arts and Crafts Hour.

Knox, with a population of 56,000.

Though there are very few Fort Knox students who do *not* speak English, there are also very few of these far-traveled youngsters who speak without either a foreign or regional accent.

Most classrooms possess a continental decor and an odd-blend concoction of Cockney, Castilian, and occasionally Brooklynese is mixed in many of their young, shrill voices. (Puerto Rico, Germany, France, Japan and Greece are all present and accounted for in one class.)

A sure bullseye

straight into the camera's lens, Susan Burke takes aim with the air of a bowman first-class.

Some of the more cosmopolitan grade schoolers, who at times pay patronage to the PX cafeteria, have been known to request such items as sauerbraten sandwiches, cafe-au-lait, pizza pie, and Strega. They have had limited success.

The mispronunciation of English by the Join-the-Army-See-the-World students is a source of constant worry by teachers here. The mass mispronunciation and foreign-flavored English of one particular classroom is outranked perhaps only in the United Nation's lobby, or the downtown subway station in New York's Greenwich Village.

But, according to the majority of the 90-odd Fort Knox teachers (most of whom have taught in both Army and civilian schools) the Army-bred product is "more acute."

Miss Jennie M. Carter whose teaching experience includes Cane Run School, Louisville, and Munich, Germany, was enthusiastic about the value of Army experiences. "The vast amount of traveling Army children do accounts largely for their quick minds. Whenever I mention anything—anything—in class, someone always jumps up and says 'Oh, yes, Miss Carter, I saw it when we were in Afghanistan last spring.' "

Miss Helen M. Price, who left her civilian teacher job to trek to Paris for an Army school assignment, compares Army and civilian students this way: "In civilian life a teacher tries to bring out a student; in the Army you have to hold them down."

Another teacher adds that Army children do crossword puzzles faster, are poorer mathematicians, rarely play in class, and, in many cases, know that DDT stands for dichloro-diphenyl-trichloroethane.

When they graduate from high school, most of the Army's teenagers go on to college. (Nearly 80 per cent of Knox 1955 are already accepted in various colleges.)

Annually the grade school classes have a 50 per cent turnover within the enrollment and many of the young Army vagabonds switch classmates with the seasons.

Is the Army child *different* psychologically from civilian children?

Most psychiatrists say that both are alike in that they imitate their elders (parents, usually).

"But when there is for a young child a crisis, as when Dad leaves home for the Army," said Columbia University's Dr. (Capt.) Lester A. Gelb, currently in charge of Psychiatric Wards at Fort Knox, "the

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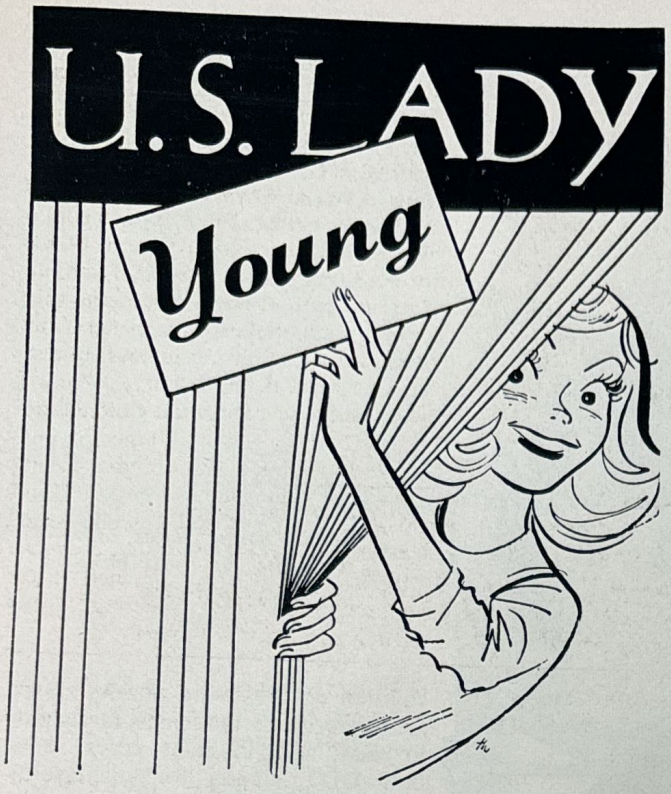
Enjoying books available to children in the Summer Activities Program are Patsy Lang and Julie Gaebe.

John M. Bloom demonstrates the diving technique for Irene Theodore, instructor, and Jackie Cullough, another pupil.



Hearts and Flowers

By M'Liz McLendon

IT'S APRIL . . . and in the spring a young man's fancy turns. And it's Leap Year! So, let's talk about "romance." Your present romance (or the lack of it) is probably presenting you with some most intriguing problems. Being a service junior myself, I know that one of your biggest headaches is that ever-persistent thought, "What happens when Dad gets orders?" For the present time then, let's forget about your current hearthrob and let's forget that some of you don't have one. Instead, we will concentrate on getting another boy or just plain getting A boy after you have moved to a new locale. OK? Here goes.

You're in a new school. You find yourself confronted with oodles of strange faces. You realize that the customs and habits of the group you ran around with before were entirely different from those of this crowd. You're lost. What can you do? Well, from past experience, I would say that there is nothing like a party to win friends and influence boys . . . especially if you have puh-lenty of eats! Of course, this party throwin' can be quite a chore. To simplify things, we shall take one thing at a time.

(1) *Where do I get the guests if I'm new to the school?*

I shall assume that you are in a large public high school. If this is the case, the solution is really very easy . . . take all the kids in one particular class, say English II. Out of the 50 or so students in the class, eliminate those you *know* you don't like. Of those left, eliminate (if possible) the boys and girls who are going steady (having a party chuck-full of steadies is no way to help your situation!). Now, I would say that you should have a group of 18 to 30 people. You know they will get along because they know each other from class . . . your problem is to make sure that you get along.

(2) *How do I invite them?*

Take the safest way out. Get to class early about a week and a half before the party date. As the kids come in, discreetly hand them written invitations with an RSVP and your phone number at which you can be reached. This may sound formal, but it is the only way in which you can assure yourself that they will come. Also, make positive that the invitations include full information, such as directions.

In the invites you may also state whether the party is a "dated" or not. If it is, you may casually ask one of the boys to be your date for the evening.

(3) *What type of a party?*

Instead of just a record party, really try to think up something different. As a service junior you have hundreds of resources to call upon. If you have traveled a lot, a party with a theme from one part of the world is good. Decorations can be made from "stuff and things" you have picked up on your trips. The theme can be carried out in the records you play and the food you serve.

(4) *After they arrive, how do I get the party going?*

Having food out is one sure way! Nothing starts a conversation any better than eats, especially if they are different or exotic. Some kids love to throw just record hops, but have a table of "theme food." By that I mean have fried chicken drumsticks, corn pones, etc., which would give you a Southern food theme. If you have ever lived in the Hawaiian Islands you know that big chunks of pineapple and pieces of cocoanut meat make a hit with State-siders (if you can get hold of the fresh fruit). Even French pastries from the bakery down the street can put the finishing touch on a "Can-Can" party.

Games of various sorts are still fun, regardless of what some bop fiends will try to tell you. "The Game," jitterbug or Rock and Roll contests, bubble gum contest, etc., can really be party boosters.

(5) *What do I do when one of the boys asks me for a date as he leaves?*

ACCEPT!

• • •

Speaking of parties, one of the best ideas going around is a "Personality Party." On the invitations the guest is told to come as a stated TV or screen figure and to prepare a short skit on the order of what that personality would do. These parties can end up being extremely hilarious (especially if the boys are given women personalities and the girls, men!).

• • •

I was amazed to discover that the old phrase "Meanwhile, back at the ranch . . . " is going around full blast at the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, Md. Thought that one had died out long ago! It is, however, a marvelous bridge for starting up a new conversation or relieving an embarrassing situation.

Until next month then, I leave you with this thought: If you are a high school senior and have not registered in a college, do so NOW! By mid-March most colleges are filled and you will not be able to get into the one of your choice.

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SERVICE ETIQUETTE

Nancy Shea

Questions and Answers

Q. *Do you really think my husband's Commanding Officer, a COLONEL, would want to be entertained in our trailer? How?*

• Why not? Trailers today can be very comfy and attractive abodes. If you had a yacht and were tied up at Palm Beach or at some fashionable pier, you'd be proud to invite friends. Well, the seating space in your trailer is as big as some yachts, I'm sure. Simply plan your party according to your seating space; eliminate any extra gear, including the children, by storing it with a neighbor during the party and limit your guest list to two or four people.

Should you plan to serve cocktails or drinks, salted nuts such as pecans, almonds or peanuts which the guests can pass are easier than elaborate canapes. Dinner at your Base Club might follow your hospitable trailer gesture but a planned dinner is also possible to serve in the trailer. Keep your menu simple, the type that can be prepared beforehand, served on one plate and eaten from a TV table or the lap. When the dinner plate is removed, dessert can be served.

In the summer months, drinks might be served inside and steaks broiled on a portable barbecue outside. The following menus could be prepared beforehand and served inside: roast pork, chicken, meat loaf or ham. Each of these can be sliced before the guests arrive and the slices wrapped in waxed paper or foil. Potatoes au gratin or candied yams baked in a casserole can be kept piping hot; a second vegetable heated at the last moment; a molded jellied salad plus hot rolls and a simple dessert with coffee would make a complete dinner.

Planning is the key to successful entertaining be it in a trailer or villa. In planning your guest list, select an agreeable couple possibly in the age bracket between yourselves and the Colonel and his wife so that while you are busy serving there will be no lull or break in the conversation.

Most trailers have a combination living and dining room in the front with a drop-leaf table; however, it is usually crowded or impossible to seat more than four comfortably. Trailer life offers many advantages to service families today. Your husband's Commanding Officer will not only be interested in how you live and manage but entertaining him at dinner is an excellent opportunity for you to exhibit your charm and ingenuity. Above all, do not apologize, appear embarrassed nor complain. The finest of dinners can be spoiled by hostess apologies!

In closing I am reminded of the time when, as a bride, I first had the Colonel of the regiment and his wife to dinner. The baked ham was beautiful and everything was in readiness when, as a last minute detail, I attempted to remove a pyrex dish of candied yams from the oven. I never knew whether it was the force of the Colonel's knock, my own nervousness or an overheated oven that caused the pyrex dish to separate, spilling its contents onto the hot floor of the Army-wood-stove oven. My first reaction was to pour a kettle full of cold water in the oven which not only ruined the yams, but created a most unholy odor of burnt sugar in addition to steam-burning my hand. A shrill piercing scream of pain brought not only my young Lieutenant husband but the distinguished guests into the tiny kitchen as well.

The Colonel's lady saved the situation by sprinkling salt in the oven to destroy the odor while the Colonel and my husband applied first aid to the burn. In the meantime, my enterprising and kind guest had also located a can of yams on the emergency shelf which she expertly candied in a few minutes in a skillet on top of the stove; the men served the dinner. The ice was broken; I sat down to dinner a bit shaken as a hostess, but thanks to our gracious and understanding guests the evening went off gaily and well. Both the Colonel and his wife regaled us with amusing personal experiences and embarrassing situations they had encountered and lived through in their early years. Even today when our paths cross we often laugh over the burned sweet potatoes and a bride's seeming tragedy at her first formal dinner!

Q. *Where should a groom's Commanding Officer be seated at a church wedding?*

• General officers and Commanding Officers should always be seated according to rank in the pew behind the groom's immediate family. If the parents of the groom are unable to attend then the groom may invite his C. O. and his wife to sit in the front pew on the right. The family and friends of the bride are seated on the left.

Q. *My husband has just been ordered to the Language School at Monterey. I understand there will be people there from all over and I'm petrified I'll make some crazy mistake. Is there some book about all the services, the customs of each service, their different grades, ranks, insignia and uniforms, too?*

• First of all, relax . . . your husband has been especially selected and paid an honor so be proud in your heart. You are a natural for me! By chance, have you not heard of THE ARMY WIFE, THE NAVY WIFE, THE AIR FORCE WIFE and THE MARINE CORPS WIFE? You did not mention to which service your husband belongs, in any case, I suggest you read all four books in order to answer your various queries. Forewarned is forearmed; if you still have questions, please write me again personally.

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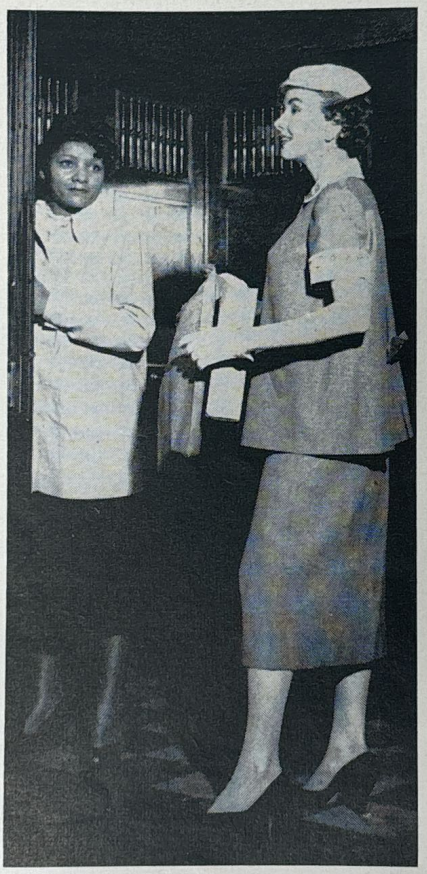
DRESS PARADE

BY PATTI MAYFIELD

For nursery shopping excursions . . . a 2-piece "go everywhere" suit of linen-like spun rayon and cotton. The checked top has a detachable satin dickey . . . the straightline skirt is in solid color. Hand washable and wrinkle resistant, it comes in coral, tan, navy and charcoal . . . in sizes 10-18 . . . $10.98.



Going up! For an uplift to your spirits . . . this brightly becoming costume in washable, rayon linen . . . the Peter Pan collar and cuffs trimmed in rhinestones and embroidery . . . pleated back is half belted . . . in charcoal, black, navy and brown . . . sizes 9-17 . . . $12.98.

The right separates are figure mini-mizers and wardrobe stretches. . . . This multi-color top of permanently pleated Egyptian cotton print will double with slacks or toreadors . . . sizes 8-16 . . . $8.98. Burlington's Dacron skirt with a cut-out front in navy or black . . . sizes 10-20 . . . $5.98.

For That Changing Silhouette

In tune with the times . . . these casual separates for quiet evenings at home . . . dressed up enough if guests drop in . . . multi-color striped Blazer jacket with white detachable collar . . . washable of course . . . sizes 8-16 . . . $7.98. Sanforized cotton poplin toreador pants . . . black only . . . sizes 8-16 . . . $5.98.

IF YOU'RE "putting up a big front" these days and beginning to take a dim view of your changing silhouette, take heart! Here are some ideas to follow which should boost your morale:

1. Watch your grooming carefully. Keep your hair neat and take special care of your complexion and nails. Use softer, less vivid make-up.
2. Consult your doctor for diet and exercise, and follow his advice to a T. He'll see to it that you don't gain too much.
3. Choose the most becoming maternity fashions, and start wearing them as soon as your waistline begins to thicken. Remember, you'll look more attractive in clothes designed especially for your expanding figure, and you'll be more comfortable.

All fashions on these pages from S. Kann's Sons, Washington, D. C., and the Virginia store in Clarendon. Telephone and mail orders filled.

Party pretty for after-five occasions . . . sprinkled with rhinestones for glamour glitter . . . a pencil slim skirt topped with a festive flared over-blouse . . . low Vee cut back. . . . White lace over black or pale blue taffeta . . . sizes 10-16 . . . $29.98.

PILGRIM FATHERS

from page 20

I realized that this was my last day in the hospital. I was going home, assigned to Fort Belvoir as adjutant to my old C. O. and I had Meg and a home in Alexandria.

"WHAT ABOUT THE HOUSE?" I questioned on the way home from the airport. She answered with kisses and from then on a room in a third-rate Jap hotel with a hibachi and tatami mats would be heaven if she shared it.

"You'll love it, Jerry," she promised. "It's taken me months to find some of the pieces but there are still things I want. We can look for them together." I pulled a worn clipping from my pocket. She glanced at it and her face puckered with disgust.

"Atrocious! Imagine a home with a swimming pool in the living room and faucets running champagne and whisky." I looked at her in amazement. She knew I was hot on electronics.

"Atrocious?" I protested. "The guy who built that house is really an engineer. Having a home like that would be almost as good as owning a space ship." She slid farther over under the wheel.

"I still think it must be a monstrosity. Who'd want a place with suspended tennis courts and filled with those weird gadgets?"

She didn't open her mouth again until she stopped the car before a weather-beaten old house with a wagon wheel for a gate.

"Welcome home, darling," she cried, hopping out before I could get around to help her. "When you see the inside, you'll start drooling." She flew through the gate, which groaned ominously.

"I'm drooling now," I yelled, trying to push through the splintered old relic and leaving a hunk of skin clinging to it.

"The wheel may be man's greatest invention," I snapped, "but we're getting rid of this thing tomorrow." Her shoulders stiffened. She threw open the door and I followed and froze.

"Early New England, Jerry," she said, her fingers lingering over a burned place on an old dough box. "Isn't it priceless?" Suddenly the whole room looked redder to me than the stripes on Old Glory at sunset. I hurled my tunic at a worm-eaten cobbler's bench. Meg bristled.

"The room is perfect. I haven't missed anything."

"I don't see the Plymouth Rock and I do hope you haven't forgotten my knee britches." I kicked off my shoes and handed them to her. "Maybe you have some silver buckles you could put on my shoes." She looked stricken. Two big tears rolled down her cheeks.

"You don't like it," she sobbed. "You actually hate our new home." I gathered her into my arms and for the next few minutes I was busy with the most kissable mouth in, well, in the United States.

"I'll try to like it, Honey, if you do, but I can't change overnight. I'm still hot on electronics."

"You'll learn to love these old things," she said slowly, her eyes lighting on an old coffee grinder. "They are so physical and earthy."

"That's one for the book," I laughed. "I was just thinking of Burky." She gave the grinder a shove.

"And who is this Burky?" she demanded. I rolled my eyes and made with a long whistle.

"Just the prettiest nurse in the whole corps. She helped patch me up in Tokyo. She's strictly for modern."

Meg eyed me with narrow eyes.

"Home an hour and trying to make me jealous. Your technique is older than this house. Burky should have patched that up, too. And thanks for the suggestion about the knee britches and silver buckles. I'm sure you could use them." I grinned.

I WASN'T GRINNING six months later, as I was trying to eat my breakfast off the old butcher's block that Meg insisted on using for a kitchen table.

"Good old Saturday afternoon," she gloated. "I've heard of a wonderful shop near Culpeper. We'll have a quick lunch after you get home and get an early start." I stared at the oranges in the broken-down grocery scale, which served as a centerpiece. For a split second, they looked like hand grenades. I shoved back my chair and banged my fist on the table.

"Listen to me, Meg, I get back from one war and start fighting another one." Her eyes widened and a piece of toast hung suspended before her lips. "Only this one is with the Pilgrim Fathers, the old boys who burned women at the stake for witchcraft."

The toast hit her mouth and she started chewing. For a minute, she reminded me of the toughest C. O. I'd ever served under.

"I'm having a tea for the D. A. R. Friday. We just have to find an old clock with wooden works before then. Hurry up, Soldier, and get on your horse or you'll be late at the office. You can't let the War Department down," she snapped unfeelingly.

As I pushed through the old gate, something told me that this was the zero hour.

That morning, I told the Colonel about it. He's a married man himself and hotter than I am on electronics. We'd been through some good times in Japan and some bad ones in Korea.

"Meg said those antiques would grow on me and they have," I said, "just like a carbuncle." He leaned back in his chair and his eyes hardened.

"I know just what you mean, boy. Helen never gives me a minute's peace. I have to have a hammer or a paint brush in my hand or she's miserable."

"You'd have to see our place yourself, Colonel, to appreciate it."

"Will Meg go by herself this afternoon if you're not home?"

"Will she? Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night can stay this courier from the swift completion of her appointed rounds."

He glanced at the clock and reached for the phone. As he squared his shoulders, he threw off twenty years.

"I won't be home this afternoon and that's final, Helen. Never mind about the barbecue pit. Hire it done." Helen was still protesting when he hung up the receiver.

We had lunch and a few drinks and then went out to the house. Meg had gone. The Colonel looked the place over and shook his head.

"It looks bad, Jerry, but we've tackled worse problems than this in Korea." We sat down to relax and think. His eyes roved over the room and lit on the cradle. I pulled the clipping of the electronic Hollywood house from my pocket and handed it to him.

"Quite a coincidence," he said as he read it. "We could do quite a few interesting things to some of these old pieces, but we'll have to get Meg away from the house for a while. I'll have Helen call her and take her junk shopping in Baltimore. Then we'll get busy."

It was dark when he went home and too late to work on the barbecue.

MEG STILL WASN'T speaking to me on the day of the tea but I knew she would be that night, when it was over.

The Old Man had fixed up the gate himself. He'd made a record of the Post Office motto in his own most sonorous voice. It sounded pretty impressive, issuing from that splintered old wagon wheel. I stood there and played it twice before I went into the house.

Meg wasn't in the kitchen as usual. Her face was as red as her hair when I found her in the bedroom.

"Well, you've won your war, my electronic genius! Ruined my party and made a laughing stock of me." She yanked an armful of clothes from the closet and flung them into a bag.

"What happened?"

She clenched her hands and I retreated toward the door. "You know what happened with your fiendish wiring and recordings. When the cradle started that Rock and Roll business, the maid I had dropped the tea service and ran screaming out of the house," she choked.

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from page 31

ferences between wedding costumes were demonstrated. It was then that Marian learned that lilies are never used by Okinawans for such affairs as those blossoms are primarily used in homes where deaths have occured—memorial flowers. Marian's programs aided in attaining mutual understanding between women of vastly different ideas.

Marian explains, "When I asked an Okinawan friend how her husband felt about her getting home so late from our International Club meetings she replied, "Is like typhoon. No can help!" "I asked if her husband would be angry to have his supper delayed and she shrugged, "Would you get angry at a typhoon?"

Marian learned Japanese, the language of the Ryukyuans, in formal lessons as well as more idiomatic Japanese from maids, peddlers, shop-keepers and other Okinawans with whom she came in contact. She addressed the Okinawan Women's Federation in pidgin Japanese and more than one thousand Okinawan women jammed into a 600-seating-capacity theater to hear her speak. Marian visited and spoke in the Okinawa Leper Colony, thus breaking through oriental as well as occidental ignorance of the disease. Her complete disregard for her own handicap inspired those who most needed inspiration and hope.

Her quiet way of making friends, her sincere willingness to learn instead of seeking to reform were not lost among people to whom Marian's dignity was just another word for wisdom. She became known to thousands of Okinawans by name as well as by sight in the densely populated urban communities where she loved to shop and visit.

Wearing an Okinawan-type kimono, Marian Merritt demonstrates the Japanese style of flower arranging which brought her the honorary name "Seiko-En" ("Shining Star") and graduation and teacher's certificate of the Ikenobe school.

As Natalie says, "My mother always opened our home to the Okinawans from the flower women and peddlers to the chief executive's wife. When we left several of the natives remarked that the Okinawan people were losing the best friend they ever had. And at the farewell party given by the Okinawan Christian Association they prayed that either 'God must send her back or tell them why He didn't.' "

Officially, her achievements did not go unrecognized when the Merritts prepared to return to the States. The Government of the Ryukyu Islands presented her with a framed citation for her splendid work among the Okinawan people, making Marian Merritt the first woman to be so honored in the history of the Islands.

In her successful search for a shortcut from Wisconsin to the hearts of the Okinawan people Marian did not neglect or forget her many American friends among the U. S. service families on Okinawa. She is an excellent bridge player who was much sought after for social affairs in the American Colony. Her community and religious activities won her the same popularity from the Americans that she enjoyed among the natives.

During the 28 months of her husband's second tour of duty on Okinawa, Marian recorded her own impressions of the "Rock" in her book, "Is Like Typhoon," which, published last March in Tokyo, has already sold out its first edition of five thousand copies on American newsstands in the Far East. Marian chose the title because it is a very frequent and expressive remark, typical of Okinawans.

The Merritts are now in California where Bob is assigned to the Headquarters of Western Air Defense Force at Hamilton Air Force Base.

For Marian the physical separation has not broken the ties of friendship with Okinawa and its people. The proceeds of her book, now being reprinted in serial form by the *Okinawan Daily*, are sending a 17-year-old Okinawan boy through the University there. Marian has truly met the challenge of distance and her acceptance of the challenge will stand as a milestone in American friendship for all people everywhere.

NOMINATIONS

Your letters nominating exceptional service wives and service women for the honor of U. S. LADY-of-the-Month are deeply appreciated by all of us here. We still need more nominations, however, to give our Selection Board enough material each month. These nominations need not be entirely in letter form, if you have clippings from your post newspaper or from other papers, send them in, adding any information you may have which is not included in the story. A photograph of your nominee will be most welcome.

If your nominee becomes the U. S. LADY-of-the-Month, we'll send $50 to your favorite charity in your name. So send your nominations now to U. S. LADY-of-the-Month, 734 15th St., N. W., Washington 5, D. C.

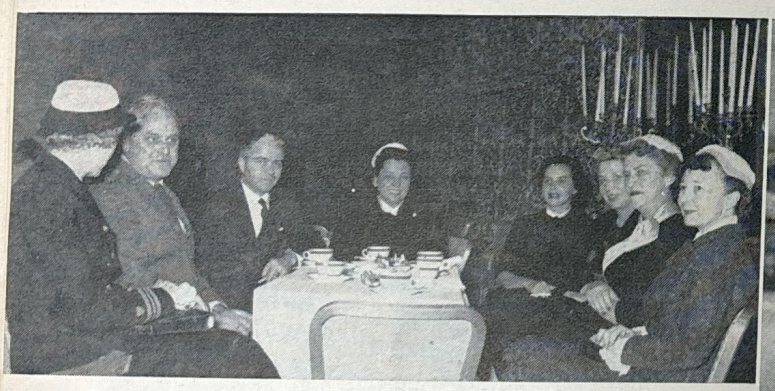
Jane Hevner...

CHARMS WASHINGTON

During the week that followed the presentation, Jane found herself a guest of honor at a luncheon-fashion show hosted by the Women's Advertising Club of Washington. Here she chats with the Club's President, Elinor Lee (Food and Homemaking Editor, The Washington Post & Times Herald), and "the incomparable" Hildegarde.

U. S. LADY honors Jane Hevner at a tea in the Continental Room of Washington's luxurious Sheraton-Park Hotel. Brig. Gen. Stoyte Ross, Commander, Headquarters Command, Bolling Air Force Base, presents the engraved silver tray to our U. S. Lady-of-the-Month while Patricia Mauldin, Special Features Editor, and Sgt. Hevner look on. Bolling AFB color guard is in background.

The manager of the Capitol Sewing Machine Company presents Jane with a Necchi portable. Other gifts were a Sheaffer pen from the Capitol Office Supply Co., and free dance lessons at the Fred Astaire Studio. Sgt. and Mrs. Hevner and their two children were guests of Art Lamb on his WTTG-TV show, and Jane joined Patty Cavin for an NBC interview.



Chatting at the fete are, left to right, Cmdr. Beatrice Ball, USCGR; Brig. Gen. Ross, Col. and Mrs. Norton H. Van Sicklen; Mrs. Jay Renz, president of the Officers' Wives Club, Bolling AFB; Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Charles S. Thomas, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, and Mrs. Burke, wife of the Chief of Naval Operations.

Our U. S. Lady-of-the-Month has her long flowing bob cut and restyled by Vincent et Vincent of Washington. Here Mr. Vincent shows Jane the final effect.

At the tea, members of the Bolling AFB NCO Wives Club gather to congratulate Jane and to admire the tray and the orchid corsage sent to her by Flowers Inc.

The Hevners are dinner guests at Billy Martin's Carriage House in historic old Georgetown. They are joined by Commander and Mrs. G. Lincoln Rockwell.

The Soldier's Child

from page 47

child becomes disturbed and often interprets this departure as a sign of not being loved."

"It is then up to the mother," he went on, "to emphasize the importance of the departure. She can overdo it; Dad can get such a build-up that when he returns the child is let down. But the effect all this has on the child depends on the solidity of the family itself—if it's a good home, the child should *not* react abnormally. . . ."

Not at all like Frank O'Connor's Army of yesteryears, the Army of today provides facilities for a family life equal to that of any community of equal size.

According to teachers, doctors, chaplains, social workers, and civilian parents-on-post, the chances of rearing children "normally" (e.g., according to the best tenets set forth by Margaret Mead, Dr. Benjamin Spock, Inc.) should not be difficult.

When they reach school age, Army children partake in activities—sports and social—second to none. At Fort Knox, for instance, children have at their disposal two golf courses, nine swimming pools, two dozen tennis courts, three field houses, facilities for archery, hunting, fishing, bowling and even twenty-five horses for the aficionados of riding.

One of the most elaborate of all youth projects at Fort Knox is an elegantly chic establishment called the TAHO (Teen Age Hang Out), a sort of stage door canteen set-up for youths over 13 who like to dance, drink soda, and play ping-pong. It has become, in the past five years, the favorite after school spot where teenagers can see, be seen, and relax on leather-stuffed furniture discussing (possibly for the first time) their rapturous discovery of ideas on life, love, sex, art, and the incapabilities of teachers to understand children.

Nearly 200 belong to this club which possesses a stylish snack bar (no cover, no minimum).

There is also a gaudy hi-fidelity juke box on the dance floor which, to suit continental tastes, plays rumbas, hit tunes, arias from Puccini, and a few sweet refrains from "Mother Machree."

On duty is a permanent salaried adult woman who acts as a kind of "Den Mother," often joined and assisted by some Army mothers.

Last Christmas the TAHO entertained a few hundred orphans at a gigantic Christmas party. "We hoped we made the orphans a little happier," said Georgia-born Colonel Julian A. Wilson, a TAHO-backer. "But we also wanted to accomplish this: to teach our kids a little bit about charity and the good feeling you get when you're making someone else happy. . . ."

Last year, through PTA-coordination, a "Little League" was organized to teach the 9 to 12 boys the fundamentals of all sports. The Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts are bigger (and more active) than ever, and a Cub Scout group (numbering 240 members) is rated one of the largest in the nation.

Since the youth program has expanded so much in the last two years, Fort Knox's Maj. Gen. Charles V. Bromley and his Chief of Staff, Col. Creighton W. Abrams, created a "Youth Activities Committee"—an all-inclusive system which plans, organizes, and encourages the maximum in healthy youth events. It believes in the theory that a youth kept active during after school hours is not prone to get into any trouble, and 1954 at Fort Knox proved a banner year in preventing crime.

According to Military Police records, the "juvenile court" had only two teenage culprits. The most serious crime was a 17-year-old boy's theft of an automobile tire.

Many children of Reserve Officers (serving two-year hitches) complain that leaving the Army spells an end to good times. One Reserve Major (Dentist) G. A. DeArmes, Tampa, Florida, said that his 15-year-old son had been so impressed with the activities set-up for school children that he begged his father to forsake his civilian dental practice and "re-up."

The New Baby

from page 45

As soon as possible, talk to him on the phone to tell him about the new baby. But first, tell him that you love him, that you are fine, and that you will soon be home.

The baby's actual homecoming is bound to be a time of great excitement. It is best to keep it, as far as possible, a family affair. The child will be eager to see the baby—he will marvel at his tiny hands and feet and at the funny faces he makes. He will want to hold the baby and to help with his bath. Let him do as much as his interest and ability dictates.

However, don't be surprised when the novelty wears off. After all, in spite of all your preparation, the baby is disappointingly small and no good as a playmate. He may find it hard to understand why all the relatives make such a fuss and why dad and mother find this yowling atom so fascinating. If he feels excluded, these hostilities may grow to the point where he tries to do the baby some physical harm.

In his adjustment to this new family set-up, the child may show a curious mixture of dependence and independence. At times he will be amazingly mature, capable of playing by himself and caring for his needs. At other times, he may revert to babyhood himself, sucking his thumb, insisting upon being fed, and demanding full attention from mother. Be understanding of these quick swings, and give him some special attention—it won't start a trend. See to it that when there are visitors, the attention is not entirely on the new baby. Let the older child hold the baby, so that he can have the spotlight, too.

There are three important elements in making the advent of a new baby an experience of lasting and growing happiness for an older child. First, the degree of independence he has achieved will determine how he reacts when he must share his mother with another child. The ability to do things for himself and to participate in the care of a new brother or sister will actually strengthen his relationship to his mother.

Secondly, the way you prepare the child for this event will determine his adjustment to it. Give him time to get used to the idea and answer all the questions which the situation brings. This can be a period of real growth for your child in which he learns to deal with his feelings, both positive and negative, about competition with another child. This can be the time, also, when his curiosity about birth comes into the open and is satisfied in a natural way.

But, most of all, your child must feel after the baby comes, that he has lost none of the interest you have always felt in him. You and his father must find time, even in the face of caring for a new baby, to do things exclusively with your youngster—things you have always done with him. Read with him, play with him, make bed and mealtime leisurely enough so that he can tell you what is on his mind.

In short, amid the rejoicing and excitement attendant on the arrival of the new baby, your older child must be reassured that he has not lost his place in the home—and most especially, in your heart. Then the advent of the new brother or sister will be truly blessed.

If you have problems with your children's adjustment to service life, or your own, and if you feel a disinterested, detached counsellor can help you, please write to Family Life Department, U. S. LADY Magazine, 406 Walker Building, Washington 5, D. C. We'll do our best to give you expert advice and will consult authorities in the field whenever necessary.

The First Easter

IT IS always interesting to note that the first person to know of the Resurrection was a woman.

On that first Easter morn, darkness still shrouded the slopes as she wended her slow and tortuous way up a Palestinian hillside. Likely she was comforted by the darkness, for certainly it could have been no darker nor more depressing than the mood of despair and lost hope which had been her constant companion these three days past.

Her mood was the mood of death—for it was death which had so ruthlessly claimed Him who had completely captivated her imagination, her enthusiasm and, yes, her very soul. Death—the awful spectre—had passed her way and now her Master was gone; a victim of that final irrefutable summons which mankind through all the ages had answered with fear and trembling. And so she makes her slow mournful journey toward his grave.

Seldom has a scene changed so quickly. Not many minutes were to pass before this woman heard her name—spoken by a familiar voice—and in immediate response replied, "Master!" All the yearning and hope which had seemed forever gone swelled up anew within her and the next glimpse we have of Mary Magdalene she is racing down the hillside. There was surely a song in her heart as she sped to break the news to a waiting world.

Quite some time was to pass before the full meaning of what had occurred on that lonely hillside could assume its proper proportion in the minds of Jesus' followers. Soon, however, they and through them the peoples of the earth began to understand the tremendous significance of Easter Day. It has become a day which we cherish, a day which gave birth to new conceptions and new hopes. The news which Mary Magdalene brought down that Palestinian hillside opened wide the gates of heaven, that men might behold the "goodness of the Lord in the land of the living."

Hopes that extend far beyond the grave may now reign in every heart and loud anthems of praise may rise to the vaulted expanse of the skies. On this Easter Day let there be a glow of eternal expectation in each heart and let us hear again the voice of our Lord, "Because I live, ye too shall live."

Chaplain E. B. Harp, Jr. (Rear Admiral)
Chief of Chaplains, United States Navy

I married a career man... ...and I'm glad

from page 44

at my beck and call.

I've ridden an open jeep in rain, mud, and snow—but I've also been whisked over the picturesque Alps from France through Switzerland to Italy and back again by the famous Paris Express.

I've sipped beer in Paducah, gin in London, and champagne in the sidewalk cafes of Paris. I've eaten choice steaks in Kansas City, plum pudding in Scotland, and crepe suzettes in France. There've been pizza pie in Rome, tortillas in Old Mexico, and southern fried chicken in New Orleans.

There've been views of sunset in the Alps, moonlight through the Eiffel Tower, and a partial eclipse from mid-ocean.

I've seen the Mona Lisa in the Louvre, the Wright Brothers' plane in the Smithsonian Institute, and the prize-winning fat steer at the Iowa State Fair.

I've seen movies being made in Hollywood, the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, and the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington.

I've gazed at a totem pole in Seattle, the Empire State building in New York, and a bubble dancer in Denver.

I've stared at hula girls in Honolulu, a corn-husking contest in Kansas, and a fashion show in Paris.

I've watched, in person, an Army-Navy football game, the pageantry surrounding the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, and the inauguration of our President.

So I've lived the nomadic life of a gypsy, have I?

CORRECT! And I've loved every hour and every minute of it. One of my big regrets is that we didn't get an assignment to the Far East before my husband retired. I always thought it would be interesting to probe, at first hand, the mysteries of the Orient. Life gets a little dull in our suburban community these days.

Of all the memories of our service travels, I treasure most the friendships of the people we have met. They've come in almost every size, shape, color, and national origin. And they've made me feel both humble and proud.

Humble when my own small accomplishments are measured against theirs.

Proud because I have met and known so many individuals who are contributing so much to the world in which we live.

Let me tell you about three of them.

There's Celeste, twice widowed by war, who lives in a village in the east of France and ekes out a living from a near-microscopic plot of land and a widow's pension which has been rendered nearly worthless by inflation. Childless, she has dedicated her life to aiding the children of others who have even less material resources than she. Celeste's spiritual strength is her devotion to the Catholic Church and her belief in the immortality of France.

Teresa, despite her name, is a native of Sweden and has combined a successful marriage with her profession of hematology, the branch of medical science which deals with blood. She is specializing in the study of leukemia, the deadly killer of young and old which is better known as cancer of the blood. Teresa says, "Someday we'll find a cure for leukemia. If my work makes that time arrive one hour sooner, my work will have been repaid a thousand times over."

Doris was born in Wales, but now lives near London with her engine-driver (locomotive engineer) husband and their six children. Only recently her husband's salary reached the princely sum of nine pounds ($25.20) per week. Her home is heated by coal-burning fireplaces, has one electric light in each of its four rooms, and is without running water or electrical appliances. Yet in addition to bringing up the six children, Doris has found the time to be active in the Girl Guides (British for Girl Scouts), the Red Cross, the Labor Party, and study the life and works of Geoffrey Chaucer, "the father of English poetry." In her spare time she tends her tiny flower garden with the characteristic affection for which the British are known.

I THINK it was the late Will Rogers who said he never met a person he didn't like. Being made of less stern stuff than Mr. Rogers, I can't say I've liked everyone I ever met in my service travels, but I will say I have never encountered a human being whom I did not find interesting.

Letters from close friends in a dozen countries arrive with regularity, and keeping up with my voluminous correspondence is no small chore. My children, avid collectors, have long since discovered the value of the strange stamps which find their way to our home. In fact, the youngsters have set up quite a stamp-trading business with other collectors in our community.

Even if my travels as a service wife had imposed a personal hardship or sacrifice upon me, which they very definitely did not, the lasting friendships of the wonderful people whom I have met in those travels would have made hardship or sacrifice worthwhile.

Waste no tears over me, you wives who moan and groan about the adversities of service life! I consider it has been a privilege, with the pleasure all mine. I'd do the same thing all over again if the choice were to be mine a second time.

What's the matter with the service wife of today? Has she become a self-centered, stay-at-home, egotistical whiner?

I seriously doubt it.

I THINK a small group of selfish and short-sighted service wives are making themselves heard completely out of proportion to their numbers!

To these "can't-take-it" service wives, I say:

"When your husband's enlistment expires, tell him to take his discharge and get out of the service. If he obeys you, he probably isn't the type of man the defense of this country should depend on anyhow.

"If your husband isn't making enough money in the service, have him get out as soon as possible so he can make application for one of those big jobs which you allege are waiting for him! But you'd better make plans to go to work yourself if, by any chance, he fails to grab one of these jobs and has to settle for another which pays $60 or $70 per week.

"While you are guiding your husband's destiny in his return to civilian life, instruct him he is not to accept any one of the thousands upon thousands of positions which involve travel and would therefore cause him to be away from home for days or weeks at a time.

"Remind your husband to find out about the firm's pension plan before he accepts any civilian position. It is just barely possible, you know, that he may encounter a bit of difficulty in locating a firm which will retire him with $152.10 a month after only 20 years of employment, especially in view of the fact that you anticipate no payroll deductions toward such retirement.

"Of course you will naturally specify that your husband's employer furnish your entire family with free medical and hospital care, as well as insuring your breadwinner's life for $10,000 without cost to you."

That's just about it, ladies. I hope you'll be successful in locating that position which is worthy of your husband's attention.

Happy job hunting!

★ ★ ★

in spite of YOURSELF

By Patricia M. Mauldin

More unnecessary death! Three servicemen returning to duty were killed in this accident.

"THIS IS A HELL OF A WAY for a soldier to die——"

It has often been said that these were the last words of a great general, George S. Patton, who lost his life in an auto accident at the end of World War II. A foolish waste of life—"a hell of a way for a soldier to die——"

All branches of the Armed Services are concerned with the highway deaths among members of the military. In November last year, the Department of Defense for the second year announced comprehensive plans for the observance of the annual National Safe Driving Day, December 1, by all military installations in the continental United States and many overseas commands. Nationally, S-D Day was a great disappointment. The United Press reported 64 persons killed for the 24-hour period.

The Army has a tremendous program under way to help reduce fatalities among their personnel. We talked to Thomas W. Wilkenson, U. S. Army Safety Director, who told us something of the Army's efforts. According to Mr. Wilkenson:

- The importance of safe operation of private vehicles is included in command directives, and emphasized by all commanders from the Secretary of the Army down the chain of command.
- Exhibits and displays of wrecked cars are mounted on trucks and paraded around the posts.
- Local commands sponsor slogan and poster contests.
- Those who give evidence that they can't or won't drive carefully are encouraged or required (discretion of commander) to attend special training courses in safe operation of motor vehicles.

The men are shown special films made by the Signal Corps, and in addition they see outstanding films from the industry such as "Motormania" by Walt Disney. The Character Guidance Program of the Army Chaplain Corps stresses motor safety. A new inductee or a man newly transferred is given copies of local traffic regulations. In this connection, Mr. Wilkenson is firm in his conviction that there should be uniform traffic regulations:

"We need a uniform national code, and citizens should be required to learn such a code as part of the driver's license examination."

The Indiana State Police made a complete analysis of major automobile accidents that occurred in 1952 and 1953. Their findings showed that 56 per cent of those who were killed or seriously injured died from the result of striking some part of the interior of the auto; 28 per cent of deaths and serious injuries were caused when persons were thrown from the car and struck the pavement or something else outside the automobile. *Only 16 per cent were killed in what were termed nonsurvivable accidents* where the car was crushed or where the motor was driven into the seating compartment. As a result of these studies, the Indiana State Police concluded that, had it been possible for the persons to have been held in their seats during the crash impact, 66 per cent could have lived, 18 per cent more probably

The moment of impact! In this dramatic photograph taken at Ford Motor Company's Dearborn (Mich.) test track, a high-speed camera snapped the crash car as it struck a timber barrier at 30 miles an hour. Ford safety engineers use the fixed reference scale in the foreground as a measuring device. A smaller scale in the form of a bar is attached to the bodies of crash cars during tests. Experiments such as this enable Ford engineers in developing and testing safety devices to reduce the number and severity of crash injuries to prevent the tragic toll of the past.

would have survived and only 16 per cent would have been unable to survive the crashes.

For years, Leslie G. Irvin, president of the Irvin Air Chute Co. of Lexington, Ky., which is the oldest and largest manufacturer of parachutes and safety equipment, has been advocating that people should use airplane type seat belts in their automobiles. He installed them in his car and in cars driven by his employes. The Irvin Company's safety pioneering history goes back to the time when its founder, Les Irvin, invented and was first to jump from a plane with the free fall type parachute. In recent years he has sold more and more of the public on the idea of strapping themselves into the cars they drive. These belts can be installed by any reputable garage mechanic, in any type automobile. Sports car enthusiasts consider them a "must." According to the latest figures, 60,000 safety belts were sold in 1954, and *910,000* were sold in the first nine months of 1955! It would seem from the tremendous increase in sales that the public is becoming more and more aware of the life-saving potential of the seat belts.

We asked the Army's safety director, Mr. Wilkenson, his opinion of the new safety devices for automobiles. His answer?

"It's about time—really, years behind time. Manufacturers have been somewhat lax in taking the lead in installing automotive safety devices."

Air Force Lt. Col. John Paul Stapp, chief of the aero medical field laboratory at Holloman Air Force Base in New Mexico, experimenting in human tolerance and endurance, rode a deceleration sled 632 m.p.h., faster than any man had ever traveled *on earth* before, and stopped within 1½ seconds. As the sled decelerated, Colonel Stapp was subjected to more than 40 times the pull of gravity. The driver of an ordinary automobile crashing into a solid wall at 50 m.p.h. would be taking much the same jolt, yet Colonel Stapp survived it with only trifling injuries. Many of the car-crash studies which he made have been incorporated into the safety devices featured in some of the 1956 automobiles.

The automobile manufacturers have always been loath to consider the problem—even to acknowledge the fact that people do get killed in their cars. There's been a fear that by some sort of psychological reverse English a stigma of "danger" would become attached to their products. So there has been a situation where safety devices could not be sold to the public until the public was sold on them, and no manufacturer was willing to talk frankly about them. Something had to be done. Someone had to break the ice and start talking sense about accident injuries, how they're caused, and how they can be prevented.

It remained for the Ford Motor Company to take the lead and for the first time in automotive history to feature (in 1956 cars) a five-part package of safety devices aimed at reducing injuries or deaths to passengers in the event of highway accidents. These "passenger packaging" features include:

1. A safety steering wheel designed to protect the driver from the steering hub in the event of an accident. (The "deep-dish" wheel.)
2. Cushioning for instrument panels and sun visors, to absorb and distribute the impact force over the head or body.
3. Safety rear-view mirrors with special backings to reduce shattering.
4. Double-grip safety door latches, to lessen chances of doors springing open under impact and subjecting passengers to possible ejection.
5. Seat belts for front and rear seats, structurally anchored to the car by reinforcing steel plates. The belts are designed not only to restrain passengers, but to keep them inside the vehicle on impact.

As Benson Ford, vice president and group director, Mercury and Special Products divisions, Ford Motor Company, remarked before the National Safety Forum meeting at Dearborn, Mich., "We do not consider these safety devices as competitive sales secrets. We think that the public service aspect and the public interest in this safety gear transcends the normal business considerations. Therefore, I wish to announce that all of the features and the specifications and design of those features are to be made available to any automobile company that wants them. We want to give this knowledge away to anybody who can use it. We hope other companies will take it, we hope they will use it, and, if they can, improve upon it. This is one kind of competition that we want to help."

So there you have it. Safety for 1956! You, as part of the driving public, can demand built-in safety in your family automobile. The way has been paved and the ice has been broken. There is no excuse for any manufacturer not heeding your demands. Buy yourself a packaged deal and deal your family in for life. Save your life in spite of yourself.

★ ★ ★

It has been proved that life-saving seat belts cut traffic deaths by more than fifty per cent, hence their widespread popularity.

BOOKWORM'S tdy

LOOK OF THE EAGLE

Robert L. Scott

Dodd, Mead, 278 pages, $3.50

Reviewed by Virginia M. Harrington.

General Scott, one of the Air Force's veteran pilots, tells the story of Colonel Dallas, Air Force pilot with a passionate love of flying, in an atmosphere of hurtling jet aircraft. This is a frankly fictional, entertaining thriller, with a recognizable base of reality.

The story starts in 1955 but flashbacks take you back as far as thirty years and the General manages to pat Air Force wives, grease monkeys and just about everyone but Billy Mitchell on the back at least once. Since General Scott's first book, "God Is My Co-Pilot," he has become a Brigadier General and, perhaps as a result, a bit of gobbledygook flies into these pages.

Nevertheless, he hasn't lost his knack for weaving technical details into a story in such a way that the reader is not baffled by them. The well-plotted yarn tells how Colonel Steve Dallas is summoned to Okinawa by a former wingman, long thought dead. They then steal a Russian bomber from behind enemy lines in North Korea as proof that the Reds are violating truce terms. The book is well-paced after the first two chapters and no other writer can put you directly in the cockpit with him as Scott does.

This reviewer cannot recommend "Look of The Eagle" as highly as "God Is My Co-Pilot," which we still consider just about the finest air story ever written.

NOT TO MENTION THE KANGAROOS

Mulaika Corbin

Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 241 pages, $3.00.

The author meets Aussie Bert at the University of California. Under the rules of the scholarship he enjoys, he must spend two years in British territory after its expiration. Coupled with this the Corbins find, after eloping, that Bert's new job in Melbourne has a "no marriage" clause. Mulaika's sense of humor saves her from despair, but it is to meet sterner tests. The Corbins are broke, and the bride a "foreigner." Pa-in-law's first words to the new husband are "Oh well, I guess we'll have to make the best of a bad bargain."

Mrs. Corbin tells a rollicking tale of how she survives and comes to love the land down under, even though a cabdriver warns her, not knowing she's an American, that "A lot of bloody fools in the government . . . want us to call these blighters 'new chums,' " and that he and his cobbers, all dinkum Aussies, believe in "Austrylia for the Austrylians!"

How everything is considered taboo unless it's done like they do it "in Old England," how nothing must be changed from one generation to the next, including the plumbing and electricity, makes for a hilarious and absorbing story. To steal a phrase from any of Mrs. Corbin's Aussie neighbors' vocabularies, this book is "a bonzer."

DUNCAN HINES FOOD ODYSSEY

Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 273 pages, $3.95.

Perhaps no person in the world has spent 30 years traveling millions of miles, just to tell Mr. and Mrs. America how they can aggravate their national disease . . . obesity. Perhaps no one has eaten as many good meals in as many different places. Hence we are left to accept Mr. Hines as the leading authority. Since the book is well written it, together with the meals it describes, is palatable.

Starting with the "best meal I ever ate," (ham and eggs), Hines takes his readers on a cook's tour of the U. S. and several foreign lands, introducing them to restaurants which he feels have stood the test of time.

What will interest those addicted to culinary pursuits most, however, are the many recipes contained in the book. Though few may actually eat in any of Hines' selected beaneries, many can bring house specials home via pots and pans and 20/20 vision. (The book is just right for propping against the toaster.)—V.M.H.

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PILGRIM FATHERS

from page 52

"Mrs. Jonathan Wetherstone fainted when the dough-box charged her, singing 'The Caissons Go Rolling Along!'" I chuckled as I thought of the impressive body of that formidable old battle ax inert on our living room floor.

"For your information," Meg shrieked, "every piece of furniture in this house you wired for sound and action behaved like demons!" She snapped the bag shut and began filling another. "You won't have to hate this house any longer. We're selling it and everything in it. I hope you'll be happy in a two by four apartment with a pull-down bed."

I looked around the spacious bedroom and found my fingers sticking to the marble-topped table. Suddenly, I knew I'd been the biggest heel in the U. S. Army.

"Don't do it, Honey," I begged. I wrapped my arms around her. For two minutes peace filled the room. "You're right about these antiques."

I looked over her shoulder and I could swear I saw a ghostly figure in knee pants leering at me from the corner.

"It's the Colonel and Helen," I called, and then, unable to believe my eyes, "that can't be Burky and her boy friend with them?"

"It is," Meg interrupted. "She called yesterday from Walter Reed and I invited them out. We weren't speaking last night so I couldn't tell you."

I raced down to open the door.

"Henry just told me what a horrible thing they'd done," Helen apologized, kissing Meg.

"I'm sure the Colonel had nothing to do with it," Meg said graciously, "but it was a nightmare." It was after we had a drink that the dough box charged the Colonel. Winnie turned pale when the Rock and Roll started, Helen had hysterics when the cobbler's bench reared up and bucked her off. After I'd gotten them shut off I could hear the ice cubes in the Old Man's glass.

"All this makes me glad I belong to the 'Do-It-Yourself' school of thought," the Old Man said complacently, putting a placating arm about Helen. Burky shot an adoring glance at Winnie.

"I'm mad about antiques," she conceded.

"They do grow on one," I said, glancing at Meg. "They're so physical and earthy." Meg gave me a long look. I've never seen her mouth look so lovely. I knew what she was going to say.

"I'm hot on electronics myself. Who wants to Rock and Roll and help me broil steaks?"

Everyone rushed for the kitchen but the Colonel. He sat there smiling and rattling the ice cubes in his glass.

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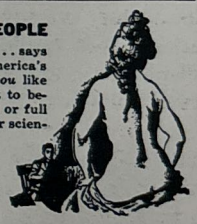

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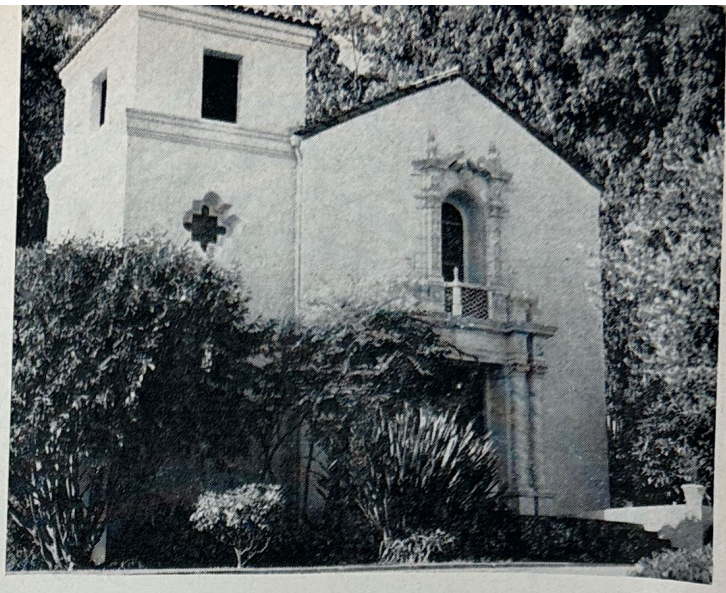
POST OF THE MONTH

San Francisco

from page 24



The lovely post chapel is in keeping with the Spanish architecture of the post.

rary housing is limited, so do not arrive ahead of schedule. For personnel en route overseas there are limited accommodations at the Officers' Club Annex; priority for these is given to unaccompanied women traveling with small children. Requests for reservations will be recognized, but no confirmations will be made. Unaccompanied officers may be accommodated in the BOQ. All others should make arrangements at any of the city's hotels.

It is suggested that during the busy days of processing, dependents will find the task easier by leaving their children at the nursery in the processing center, during processing periods only. Should you find it necessary to leave your children at other times, the Fort Mason Post nursery will care for them.

If you wish to go into downtown San Francisco for some last-minute shopping or to take a last look at an American city, you will find that the "F" Carline, located at Bay Street and Van Ness Avenue, is the quickest means of public transportation. An alternative is the No. 47 bus which can be taken to Geary or Market Street. The Army will provide bus transportation to the Oakland Army Base.

Your destination may be Treasure Island Naval Station, also located in San Francisco. Treasure Island, some 400 acres of man-made land in San Francisco Bay, served as the site of the Golden Gate International Exposition during 1939 and 1940.

If it's Navy housing you're interested in, contact the housing officer at Treasure Island. There is very little public housing. However, there are a number of defense housing projects available on a rental basis in various localities, including North Island and Berkeley.

San Francisco is a fashion-wise city. The women are among the best dressed in the country. Hats and gloves are still the rule rather than the exception. Jeans, pedal pushers, slacks and hair in curlers, even though disguised by a bandana, are not seen on the streets of San Francisco.

Well-tailored wool suits with appropriate accessories will take you practically any place. Add a fur neckpiece on cool days and a coat on cooler days. You will be well dressed for shopping, for cocktails in the many hotels, or for dinner and the theater. Knitted dresses and suits are popular.

For more formal parties a simple, well-cut cocktail suit or dress will be more than useful. If the occasion is formal, rest assured it will be formal. The more glitter the better.

The climate of San Francisco makes being well dressed a pleasure whether it is winter or summer. In summer your linens will retain their crisp look, a lightweight suit is always wearable. Remember the wind and fog when planning your wardrobe. Equip yourself for the four or five months of the rainy season. A wrap is usually necessary. Furs are worn year-'round.

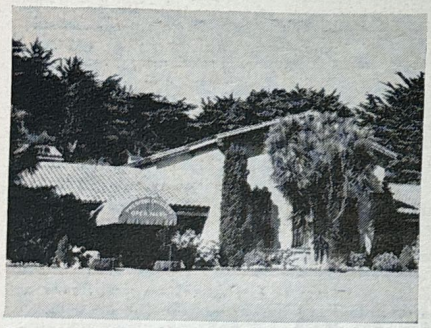
Practically every known means of transportation is found in San Francisco. The clanging little cable cars with their speed of only nine miles an hour remain the most popular commercial transportation as well as the safest for San Francisco hills. These quaint cars contrast greatly with the high-speed electric trains carrying commuters over the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge.

Since the opening of the Bay Bridge, travel on the San Francisco-Oakland Ferry has shown a marked decrease. The Ferry Building remains an old landmark and a trip on the ferry will give you a wonderful view of the bridge, the longest in the world.

Private automobiles are still a favorite means of transportation in spite of the difficulty of parking. There is a tremendous garage in the heart of the busy city under the park at Union Square. You will find it easily and it will be most convenient for your visit to Chinatown or a tour of the many lovely stores.

The bus lines and trolleys are numerous and the service is good. Taxis are plentiful, fares reasonable, and probably the best means of transportation for a stranger in a hurry. California highways are second to none and you will find travel by car delightful.

The International Airport is new and provides many facilities, including restaurants and shops for your convenience. Luxury air liners, complete with berths and cocktail lounges, run regularly to all parts of the country and across the Pacific. Railroads give fast, dependable service to and from all parts



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At Fisherman's Wharf stroll along the sidewalks lined with cauldrons of steaming crabs and shrimp. Eat in one of the many famous restaurants; you may have the fun of picking out your own crustacean from one of the huge vats lining the sidewalk.

At the foot of Russian Hill is the Latin Quarter, where you will find more wonderful restaurants and shops filled with pastes, cheeses and sausages. This is the center of the gay night life. San Francisco night clubs are considered to be among the finest in the world. They feature fine food, name bands and headline acts. Most of them have no cover charge.

If you prefer the stage there are three legitimate theaters offering dramas and musicals. Tickets are reasonable.

Golden Gate Park is one of the finest in the world. There is every type of outdoor activity, horseback riding, tennis, golf and many others. Here you will find the beautiful Japanese Tea Garden; an Academy of Sciences; the Steinhart Aquarium and the famous de Young Museum with masterpieces of art from all over the world.

Ride the cable cars, drive over the magnificent bridges, explore the peninsula, enjoy the music and many art galleries. Make full use of the opportunities which will be yours in San Francisco and it will be the tour you will remember always. ★ ★ ★

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U. S. Ladies of the Past

by Joe Harrington

Sally Townsend

WHEN THE BRITISH occupied Oyster Bay, Long Island, during the Revolution, there were those who said pretty Sally Townsend didn't mind a bit. Several young officers were billeted at the Townsend home, and Sally laughed, sang, danced, and flirted daintily behind her fan just as she had before the town boys had marched off to join the Continental Army. Freedom meant nothing to Sally Townsend, her neighbors whispered, "so long as there's good-looking men around."

What neighbors didn't know was that coquettish smiles encouraged lonely young officers to talk, and that Sally's ears picked up vital military information as easily as they accepted gallant compliments. This information was immediately relayed to her brother Robert, a New York merchant who doubled as a secret agent for General Washington.

One evening the sharp-eyed Sally saw a local collaborator slip a note into a cupboard at her home. She read the name on it . . . John Anderson . . . and realized no one by that name visited her house, so she kept watch. Moments later a handsome young officer removed the note, slipping it into his pocket. Sally gave him special attention after that, smiling and laughing with him until she overheard scraps of conversation between him and another officer, mentioning West Point. Then she sent a message to her brother.

Robert Townsend relayed this to another agent, who received it just before he got a message from a high-ranking American officer, who said to pass a certain "John Anderson" through Continental lines. Meanwhile, John Anderson had been apprehended, and incriminating papers found in his shoes. He was a smooth arguer, however, and had almost talked his way to freedom when the agent arrived, and demanded his official arrest.

"John Anderson" was Major John Andre. He was hung for spying. Traitor Benedict Arnold was forced to flee, and the British master plot to seize West Point was foiled.

Sally Townsend was a true U. S. Lady. She served her country without acclaim, and endured humiliation, gossiping tongues, and the taint of scandal in performing her duty. If West Point had been captured, the Revolution would have quickly died. It didn't and the fight went on. It may well be because of Sally Townsend that we are a free people today.

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